☞ OUR CATALOGUE FREE TO ANY ONE. ☜

AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.
NO. 162.

PS 635
.Z9
W952
Copy 1

635
W952

FIELDING MANOR.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAREFULLY MARKED FROM THE MOST APPROVED ACTING COPY.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CLYDE, OHIO:
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

Fun in a Post Office.—Farce in one scene by E. Henri Bauman, 4 males, 2 females.—contains Irish and Negro characters. 15 cents.
Tit for Tat.—A very pleasing comedietta in 1 act, by Buxton, 2 males, 1 female. A plain room—costumes modern—time 25 minutes. 15 cents.
Hal Hazard, or the Federal Spy.—Military drama, 4 acts, by Fred. G. Andrews, 8 males, 3 females. A great success. Price 25 cents per copy.
Driven From Home, or, a Rover's Curse.—Domestic drama in 4 acts, by H. H. Penn, 4 males, 4 females. 25 cents each.
The Emigrant's Daughter.—Border drama in 3 acts, by Len. Ellsworth Tilden, 8 males, 3 females. Price 15 cents per copy.
Thekla.—A Fairy drama in 3 acts, by Mrs. H. M. Toler., 9 males, 4 females. Well adapted for church and school entertainments. 15 cents each.

Hints to Amateurs.—Now ready. A book of useful and practical information for amateurs, in which all manner of questions pertaining to stage work and effects are plainly answered. Price 15 cents.

Ames' Edition of Plays.

FIFTEEN CENTS EACH UNLESS OTHERWISE MARKED.

NO.		M.	F.
164	After Ten Years	7	3
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law	4	2
168	A Pleasure Trip	7	3
169	A Regular Fix	5	4
129	Aar-u-ag-oos	2	1
132	Actor and Servant	2	0
12	A Capital Match	3	2
30	A Day Well Spent	7	5
2	A Desperate Game	3	2
75	Adrift	6	4
80	Alarmingly Suspicious	4	3
136	A Legal Holiday	5	3
39	A Life's Revenge	7	5
124	An Afflicted Family	7	5
78	An Awful Criminal	3	3
15	An Unhappy Pair	1	1
65	An Unwelcome Return	3	1
31	A Pet of the Public	4	2
21	A Romantic Attachment	3	3
43	Arrah de Baugh	7	5
123	A Thrilling Item	3	1
73	At Last	7	1
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2
125	Auld Robin Gray 25c	13	3
100	Aurora Floyd	7	3
89	Beauty of Lyons	11	2
8	Better Half	5	2
98	Black Statue	3	2
113	Bill Detrick	6	4
86	Black vs White	4	2
14	Brigands of Calabria	6	1
160	Conn; or, Love's Victory	11	3
22	Captain Smith	3	3
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0
145	Cull's Luck	2	1
161	Dora	5	2
49	Der Two Surprises	1	1
72	Deuce is in Him	5	1
19	Did I Dream it	4	3
42	Domestic Felicity	1	1
60	Driven to the Wall	10	3
152	Driven from Home	7	4
143	Emigrant's Daughter	8	3
148	Eh? What Did You Say	3	1
173	East Lynne	7	6
162	Fielding Manor	9	6
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
154	Fun in a Post Office	1	2
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3
117	Hal Hazard, 25c	8	3
76	How He Did It	3	2
24	Handy Andy	2	0
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1
116	Hash	4	2
52	Henry Granden	11	8
141	Hidden Treasures	4	2
17	Hints on Elocution		
130	Hints to Amateurs		
153	Haunted House	2	0
103	How Sister Paxey got Her Child Baptized	2	1
50	How She has Own Way	1	3
140	How He Popped Quest'n	1	1
74	How to Tame M-in-Law	4	2
35	How Stout Y'r Getting	5	2
26	Hunter of the Alps	9	4
47	In the Wrong Box	3	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
77	Joe's Visit	2	1
11	John Smith	5	3
99	Jumbo Jum	4	3
82	Killing Time	1	1
9	Lady Audley's Secret	6	4
3	Lady of Lyons	12	5
127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2
106	Lodgings for Two	3	0
104	Lost	6	2
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1
163	Miriams Crime	5	2
46	Man and Wife	12	7
139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
91	Michael Erle	8	3
36	Miller of Derwent W'tr	5	2
88	Mischievous Nigger	4	2
34	Mistletoe Bough	7	3
69	Mother's Fool	6	1
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle	7	2
23	My Heart's in Highl'ds	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations	4	4
128	Musical Darkey	2	0
149	New Years in N. Y.	7	6
90	No Cure, No Pay	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	2	0
37	Not So Bad After All	6	5
44	Obedience	1	2
81	Old Phil's Birthday	5	2
150	Old Pompey	1	1
33	On the Sly	3	2
109	O her People's Children	3	2
146	Our Awful Aunt	4	4
126	Our Daughters	8	6
85	Outcast's Wife	12	3

FIELDING MANOR,

A DRAMA,

IN A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS,

DRAMATIZED BY

DR. M. L. WRIGHT,

From Edwin Faucet's story entitled "THE FALSE FRIEND."

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES — CAST OF THE CHARACTERS — ENTRANCES AND EXITS — RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE — AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1885, by
A. D. AMES,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CITY 3366 R1

CLYDE, OHIO,
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

PS635
.Z9W952

FIELDING MANOR.

Original Cast of charactors as produced at the Opera House, Chardon Ohio, September 13th., 1882.

Lucian Glyre	[*an American Adventurer*] — *Dr. M. L. Wright*
Cuthbert Fielding	[*An Englishman*] — *Dr. A. L. Bennett*
Cyril Garland,	[*A Subaltern*] — *Dr. Chas. A. Wilson*
Abercrombie Courtwell,	[*in love with Rebecca*] — *Mr. Tom Durban*
General Stanley	— *Mr. Wm. H. Osborne*
Andrew,	[*an old Servant*] — *Mr. C. W. Osborne*
Martin,	— *Mr. F. P. Stone*
Bayard	— *Mr. Will Barrows*
Bailiff,	— *Mr. J. J. Quiggle*
Edith Fielding,	[*betrothed to Cyril*] — *Mrs. F. P. Arnold*
Nina Chauncey,	[*divorced wife of Glyre*] — *Mrs. Jennie Charters*
Rebecca Stanley,	[*in dread of a Step-mother*] — *Miss Lizzie Marsh*
Eugenia Maitland,	[*one of the Bon Ton*] — *Miss Cora Tucker*
Margaretta Maitland,	[*her echo*] — *Miss Joe Bartlett*
Lady Ogden,	[*aunt to Edith*] — *Miss Ella Osborne*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.—A rocky pass in fourth grooves. Set water R. 2 E. and R. 3 E. Ground piece R. 1 E. Reclining rock, C. Set rocks L. 2 E. and L. 3 E.

ACT FIRST.—Lawn and grounds of Fielding Manor. Cut wood R. 3 E.; rustic bench R. 3 E., and rustic bench R. 2 E. Statue C. at back. Set house L. 2 E., with steps leading down to the stage. A rustic bench L. 1 E. in front of steps.

ACT SECOND.—Library at Fielding Manor. Set door R. 3 E.; set fire-place R. 2 E. Centre door, [open], backed by garden flats; chair R. 3 E., chair R. 2 E.; table L. C. with a chair right of it. Chair R. 3 E.; sofa L. 2 E.

ACT THIRD.—Drawing-room at Fielding Manor. Door C.; set door R. 3 E.; chair R. 2 E.; two chairs R. C. and L. C.; table L. 3 E.; chair L. 2 E.

ACT FOURTH.—Same as act third.

PROPERTIES.

PROLOGUE.—Two guns, 2 cups, a pail of water behind the set water, haversack with letters, pocket bible, a bound volume, a ring for Cuthbert, brandy flask.

ACT FIRST.—Two garden benches, invalid chair, spectacles, telegram, satchel and and strap, bible, ring, staff.

ACT SECOND.—Two chairs, 2 arm chairs, table, sofa, fire in fire-place, moonlight, thunder and lightning, 2 blank papers, writing materials, books on table, 2 daguerreotypes, a sure-fire pistol, journal.

ACT THIRD.—Stand, table, writing material, books, blank paper, bell pull, 4 chairs, cane.

ACT FOURTH.—See act third. Brown patch, wig, hand-cuffs.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—TWO HOURS.

TMP92-007632

FIELDING MANOR.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE IN AUSTRALIA. A Rocky Pass in fourth grooves — hurr music at rise of curtain. Enter CUTHBERT *and* LUCIEN, L. 2 E., *with guns— they are looking off* L.

Cuthbert. (L. C.) They have gone!

Glyre. (R. C.) I should not be surprised; they must have been smaller in number than I supposed. They have carried away the man I shot— though I am afraid, Stanley, they have gone only to return with reinforcements.

Cuth. Most probably, though they may be hidden somewhere near at hand, and mean to spring on us from some ambuscade.

Glyre. No, I think now that we are safe. But you seem tired, Stanley, you can usually out-walk me.

Cuth. I am not tired Glyre. I am—ill.

Glyre. Ill?

Cuth. Yes, beyond question. I tried to shake off the feeling when it first came upon me about two hours ago, but it will not be shaken off. I have a dull pain in my limbs, and a sensation of giddiness—I have never before felt so strangely.

Glyre. You have over exerted yourself, we must rest awhile.

Cuth. (*faintly*) Yes, I think we'd better. (*noise outside* L. H.

Glyre. (*looking* L. H.) Good heavens! those cut-throats are really after us. It is as we feared—they have reinforced themselves, and gone back to the cave and have discovered our departure with the booty they came to seek. The damp clayey roads we at first were compelled to take, have shown them our foot-prints. It's lucky we heard them, while here in this gulch. They'll think we have made for the great main road to the city, which lies just beyond.

Cuth. What's to be done? my head aches frightfully, Glyre. I fear I am going to have an attack of real illness.

Glyre. Nonsense, old fellow, don't give way to it. Crouch down just here; let them pass—they'll never find us among these rocks, Stanley, mind that. Quick, see there are several of them now. This way.

Music. They secret themselves, L. *Enter several* ROBBERS, R. 2 E., *they look cautiously around, and exit* L. 2 E. *After pause,* GLYRE *and* CUTHBERT *come down,* CUTHBERT *falls wearily on rock,* C.

Glyre. There, I think we've escaped those devils. They'll acknowledge we have given them the slip, and go back baffled to the diggins.

Cuth. (*hoarsely*) Glyre—Glyre—I must speak with you.

Glyre. What is it? Do you think those fellows are near us?

Cuth. (*with effort*) No, but something else is near me.

Glyre. Something else! What do you mean?

Cuth. I mean death, Glyre—I mean, I am dying!

Glyre. (*springing up*) Good heavens man, what are you saying?

Cuth. The truth, yes, Glyre the truth; feel how cold my hands are.

Glyre. Nonsense, they're chilly—there can't be anything serious the matter with you, it's only a passing indisposition—in the mean time I'll prospect a little. By jove, Stanley, I never saw a more promising spot in which to pick up a little more gold.

Cuth. (*wearily*) Gold! I never saw a less promising spot for it, Glyre.

Glyre. No, indeed, my boy, you're wrong there. You may have mined in Mexico—but recollect I have washed in California. What a magnificent region this is. What a glorious river this must have been—many is the ounce, aye many's the pound of gold, I believe that has washed down from those barren crags. Only notice the ends of the rocks, their angles reveal their original size; what sort of a torrent must it have been that washed them from up there, perhaps ages before any living thing ever trod or crept upon the surface of this world.

Cuth. You may be right—but I am too weak to share your enthusiasm, my friend.

Glyre. You're tired, Stanley, that's all. Sleeping in the dark hole yonder, has chilled you.

Cuth. Glyre, I have never asked your confidence, and believe me it is no idle curiosity that prompts me to do so now. Will you tell me your history?

Glyre. Willingly, though I fear it will weary you. I was the only son of a wealthy planter, reared in luxury, petted and spoiled and accustomed from boyhood, to rule as my least whim directed—a herd of cringing negroes. Educated at a Northern College, I acquired no Northern sympathies. Returning to my father's plantation, I had for a few years held there the position of a young despot; when the war broke out, I joined the Rebel forces under the rank of Captain, eagerly taking the first place assigned me. At the end of the war, I was unharmed and at liberty, with the hollow title of Colonel, and the dread uncertainty of finding a shattered heritage when I returned home, which I did after the hopeless disbanding of the Confederate troops. I arrived home just in time to receive my father's last kiss and blessing. Well, after the funeral, I turned my back forever upon what had once been Myrtlewood. I was not entirely penniless, and after gathering what I could, I started for California; arrived at San Francisco, and after being there a short time with the usual ups and downs, I became acquainted with a rich banker's daughter, and after a short courtship we were married. Our married life was anything but harmonious, my wife was untrue to me—and perhaps I was not the best husband in the world—the end of it was, that the San Francisco Courts gave me a divorce, and possession of our only child—a boy—after that I went to Mexico where I met you, and you know the rest.

Cuth. Yes, I remember how we met in Mexico, and after fruitless labors we sailed together for Australia; how after we arrived I fell from the gang plank into the bay, and would have drowned but for your aid.

Glyre. There! There old fellow! Say no more about it—we have been brothers ever since.

Cuth. Yes brothers! (*aside*) I must trust him. (*aloud*) Glyre, I may as well tell you everything, I don't know what has kept me silent so long——

Glyre. I do, Stanley. You're an Englishman.

Cuth. I believe you are right—you are nearly always right, Glyre, in all your judgments I have found. You saved my life, perhaps it has been almost churlish to withhold any confidence from one whom I so honor and respect. But you don't know what British pride of blood is. I have never yet had it quite knocked out of me—I hated to pronounce our family name amid such surroundings as you and I have seen; but let me hesitate no longer my friend, that name is Fielding—mine Cuthbert Fielding.

Glyre. Cuthbert Fielding! And some title attached to it. Eh, Stanley?

Cuth. No, we Fieldings have never had a title, three times in past nine hundred years we have refused one; that is one of our boasts—Fielding Manor—our home, is in Derbyshire, it is the noblest estate for many miles about. There has been plenty of Cuthbert Fieldings before me, but they all sleep now in the old family vault. I have one sister as you know—her name is Edith. My aunt Catherine however rules the household as she always did even in my mother's life time. Aunt Catherine is a woman of great ability—she has immense pride—she believes that a Fielding can do no wrong—she thinks doubtless that an alliance with royalty itself could not honor us. She is now in her eightieth year, and the letter she last wrote me was sent from a sick bed, but Edith tells me that her indomitable will and fine clear mind, are both as strong as ever. I believe it is the first that keeps her alive. She was my father's sister, and married at an early age, Lord Ogden, a baron of historic descent. He died while she was still a young woman leaving her childless and possessed of a very large property. She has made Edith her heiress; her great jointure not being entailed upon her husband's kindred.

Glyre. Then your sister is what one would call a remarkable match.

Cuth. Yes—but she tells me in her last letter, that she is betrothed to a cousin of ours, Cyril Garland, (*with great difficulty*) whom she has known since childhood, they were playmates together. (*faintly*) Glyre—I've—I've caught the bush-plague.

Glyre. How absurd! Your feelings will pass away in an hour or so. (*looking around*) This conversation has tired you; lend me that cup there and I'll try my luck alone. (*takes cup and exits* R. 2 E.

Re-enters R. 3 E., *in stream and proceeds to turn water from one cup to the other.*

Cuth. (*feebly*) Glyre, will you do me a favor?

Glyre. (*in stream*) A favor, Stanley, certainly.

Cuth. You saved my life not long ago; your friendship has been very dear to me ever since.

Glyre. Don't be morbid and make so much of what in this wild life is so common. (*examining contents of cup*) Not yet! Not yet! (*continues work*) Well, what is this favor, Stanley?

Cuth. I have caught the plague, Glyre. I feared it before—now I am sure of it.

Glyre. (*laughing—still busy*) Why man, if it were the plague, your skin would now be the color of this cup; you would reek with perspiration, and your feet would be as cold as ice. But again, I ask what is this favor you speak of—(*breaking off joyfully*) I knew it! I said it! Hurrah! Hurrah! Gold! Gold!

Rushes off R. 3 E., *and re-enters* R. 2 E. *Rushes to* CUTHBERT *with wild delight.*

Glyre. See! See! Look how the sediment in this cup shines. I was right after all—we shall both be rich men—millions on millions are locked up in these bleak hills, and we, we alone, have found them. (*look at* CUTHBERT) Why, what's the matter man? You actually turn away——

Cuth. (*faintly*) It comes too late for me—too late—too late!

Glyre. (*aside*) What if he should die and leave me alone in this terrible wilderness. Without his help I shall get but little of this gold—ah! how infernal such a stroke of ill luck would be. There is no one for miles and miles to whom I would dare trust such a secret; if I breathed it to any living person, the place in a few days time would swarm with gold hunters. (*taking flask and handing it to* CUTHBERT) Here, drink some of this.

Cuth. Glyre, when you have heard what this favor is, I know you'll do it for me. 'Tis a hard death to die—name, fortune, family, home, all waiting for me, and I fall on the way. England has been but little to me in

life, but I wished I could have lain on his bosom in death. Get my bag, Glyre, it is somewhere here beside me on the rock; I unslung it only a moment ago.

Glyre. (*getting it*) Here it is.

Cuth. Get the packet of letters from it. Have you found it?

Glyre. Yes, here they are. (*whistle outside* L. H. GLYRE *springs up and siezes gun looks off* L. H.) What was that?

Cuth. (*faintly*) What? I heard nothing? (*pause.*

Glyre. (*reseating himself*) I thought I heard a whistle, but it must have been a fancy.

Cuth. (*in a half whispcr*) You don't think those cut-throats, are still on our track do you?

Glyre. Oh, surely not. Come, come! have courage, you will get over this, you *must.*

Cuth. (*weakly*) Take those papers; with them you will find a journal of my life, up to the time we left the diggings.

Glyre. (*looking at journal*) This is not a journal, it looks more like a record of the anecdotes of your past life.

Cuth. (*very weak*) It is. Amid the frequent calms on shipboard, I used to find strange pleasure during my sailor days in recording thus the most trivial occurances of my boyhood.

Glyre. Why, I never knew you were a poet, Stanley. (*reads.*

> "But truth were falsehood: honor, shame,
> And right on earth would end
> If he that bears the Fielding name
> Should once betray a friend."

Cuth. I did not write those verses; they are in a manner, the motto of our house—they were written by some ancestor of ours long ago, in the reign of Charles the First.

Glyre. Do you feel better, old fellow?

Cuth. Worse if anything. There is a pocket bible there in the bag also Glyre, the gift of my aunt, you will see her name and mine on the fly leaf, and the same motto written there as well. If I die—or—or if those devils should overtake us and you only should escape, carry all these things to Fielding Manor, Derbyshire, England. And take also this little ring—unknot it from my waist-coat please, my own fingers are too weak for even that task now. My sister Edith—poor little darling, gave it to me on her seventh birth-day, in exchange for a watch I gave her. Tell them where I died, and how I died. Then, Glyre return here if you will, and wring from them the millions that you say are in these barren hills.

CUTHBERT *falls back fainting, a whistle heard without* L. H. GLYRE *starts up wildly. Music Tremolo pp till end of act.*

Glyre. Those whistles are disguised signals. Stanley! Stanley! They are after us, make one more effort to get back to the cave.

Cuth. (*partly recovering*) It may—be—the note of some stray leather-head. (*whistle outside* L. H.

Glyre. No! They are after us, they have discovered our trick in eluding them. Stanley won't you try to let me support you back to the cave?

Tries to help CUTHBERT, *but after raising him to sitting posture he falls back.*

Cuth. (*gasping*) It's no use—save yourself; leave me here—promise to tell them at home. (*whistle again* L. H.) They're whistling again, you hear it?

Glyre. I do, but it may come from miles away; these hills are perfect whispering galleries. If I could only get you back to that masked cliff, we might escape them yet.

Cuth. (*with difficulty*) I—could not—live there—five—minutes, that hole—would stifle me. Now the papers—the books—the money—hide them

—and hide yourself—my poor sister—poor Aunt Catherine. (*to* GLYRE) I have your word.

Falls back fainting, c. GLYRE *goes to him and assures himself that he is dead. Noise outside has been increasing, is now very plain.*

Glyre. He is dead! I can do him no good and I must save myself. (*takes bag and money belt*) Now for the masked cliff.

Exit L. H., *hurriedly as curtain descends. Music changes to ff.*

CURTAIN.

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Lawn and grounds of Fielding Manor. Cut wood R. 3 E.; *rustic bench* R. 3 E., *and rustic bench* R. 2 E. *Statue* C., *at back. Set house* L. 2 E., *with steps leading down to the stage. A rustic bench* L. 1 E., *infront of steps.* EDITH *and* NINA, *discovered seated* R. 2 E. *Music at rise of curtain.*

Edith. And so Nina, it is true that you have never seen your child since the hour your heartless husband stole him from you?

Nina. Never. After the San Francisco courts decided against me, I found that a slight wreck still remained from poor father's fortune. I knew that I could never see my child again except at his bidding, and I had not the slightest idea whither he had fled. People turned from me in cold avoidance. I longed to come where I was not known, where this undeserved stigma might not rest upon me, so I started for England and finally drifted to this part of it, renting the modest little cottage down in the village.

Edith. Poor Nina, how you must have suffered. But it relieves me to have you tell us your story at last; we have been friends for so many months, and you have kept silent regarding the past—of course you hated to stir up bitter memories—I understand that—— (*noise and laughter outside* R. 2 E.

Voices. (*outside*) Bayard! Bayard!

Nina. Who is Bayard?

Edith. Oh! he's a famous orator among our people, he monopolizes all the speech-making at every harvest home.

Nina. Will they speak of your brother's expected return?

Edith. They have already discussed it at great length. (*laughing.*

Nina. (*taking her hand*) And you—are you not intensely happy at the thought of this return?

Edith. (*joyfully*) Happy! Oh, I can hardly wait for the moment, when dear Cuthbert will arrive. I am prepared to love him so. He is the head of our family—the heir of our name. I have seen his face in my dreams for weeks past, ever since we received that last letter from him, dated at Melbourne, telling of his illness in Australia, and his subsequent recovery.

Bayard. (*outside*) Well, lads, I'm not much at speech making as you all know, but I could talk about Miss Edith Fielding from sowin' to reapin' time—the kind mistress who never distrained a tenant, the angel who's visits to our households are neither few nor far between, the hope and pride of the Fielding name. Here's three cheers and a good husband for her.

Voices. (*outside* R. 2 E.) Hip, hip, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Bayard. (*outside* R. 2 E.) And a small one in.

Voices. (*outside* R. 2 E.) Hurrah!

Nina. How they love you. I should so like to see them. (*they both rise.*

Edith. (R. C.) So you can—their tables extend just beyond there under the largest trees. It is not ettiquette for me to appear until evening, then I must open the dance. Oh, if brother Cuthbert were only here to open it with me!

Nina. (*smiling*) I am afraid your popularity would be eclipsed in that case.

Edith. All the better if it is. He is the real master—I am only the regent, who reigns in his absence.

Nina. (*kissing her*) I so hope that he may arrive to-day. And now I suppose you are going in to Lady Ogden, your aunt—she must be in a very anxious state.

Edith. She is, indeed. I fear that the excitement of awaiting Cuthbert, has already told upon her. You know her convalescence after that long illness has only just begun. But you will not go yet, Nina? I shall see you again presently?

Nina. (R. C.) Yes, I will return soon; I will join you in doors. I wish to see Lady Ogden, and pay her my respects and congratulations—dear old lady. She and you have been such good friends to me, Edith—without your recognition and warm-heartedness how lonely would my lot have been here in this strange land.

Edith. Now, that I have heard your story, Nina, I feel that we are only drawn closer together. Aunt and I were sure of you from the first—we believed in you, trusted you before knowing a word of the truth—always remember that. (*they embrace—kiss each other, exit* NINA R. U. E.

Enter CYRIL *with telegraph dispatch,* L. H., *from house, comes down* L. C.

Edith. (*coming down* C.) Ah, Cyril, is that you?

Cyril. (L. C., *handing dispatch*) Here is a telegram, Edith.

(EDITH *takes it opens it, and reads.*

Bayard. (*outside*) Here's three cheers lads, for Miss Edith's intended husband, Mr. Cyril Garland, and may he prove as kind a master as she has been mistress.

Voices. (*outside*) Hip-hip—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Bayard. (*outside*) And a small one in.

Voices (*outside*) Hurrah!

Edith. (*after reading it*) Oh, Cyril, it is from Cuthbert, my brother Cuthbert. He will be with us by the next train.

Cyril. (*taking telegram and looking at it*) I suppose you are delighted, indeed.

Edith. (*saucily*) Well, have you any objections, sir?

Cyril. (*laughing*) No end of them—I am prepared to be very jealous. (*changing tone, seriously*) Edith, I can't help wondering now and then whether your brother, will be willing to give the lady of Fielding Manor, to a poor subaltern like me.

Edith. (*laughing*) Of course he will not. If you say such foolish things, Cyril, you must expect to be answered according to your folly. Come now, let us go in and show this telegram to Aunt Catherine. It will overwhelm her with joy—she will want us to wheel her out here upon the lawn in her invalid chair; you know she has an idea that the heir of Fielding Manor, should be welcomed home under these ancestral poplars.

(*exit* EDITH *and* CYRIL, *arm in arm into house,* L. H.

Enter GENERAL STANLEY, REBECCA *and* ABERCROMBIE L. U. E. *Enter* ANDREW *from house* L. H.

General. (*to* ANDREW) Present our compliments to Lady Ogden, and Miss Edith Fielding, and say that we have called to offer congratulations in the expected return of Mr. Cuthbert Fielding.

Andrew. Yes, sir. (*bows and exits slowly into house,* L. H.

Rebecca. (L. C.) Oh, nonsense pa! they'd have used that form a hundred years ago. (*looking about to* ABER) What a lovely place this is? So much finer than the grange. (*mischievously*) The woman who marries Mr. Cuthbert Fielding, will be lucky indeed. I've always had a presentiment that I should fall in love with him at first sight.

Aber. (*worried*) Now don't, Rebecca, I can't stand it—you know I can't.

Rebecca. (*quickly in tragical voice*) Abercrombie! you know that matrimony is not for me. What is the woman who now stands before you?

Aber. What is she? Oh, I know Rebecca—it's a rebus isn't it. You guess yourself into a headache one week and then, buy next week's answer to cure it.

Rebecca. (*angrily tossing her head*) Abby, I sometimes think, that you have the intellect of a gnat. I repeat, sir, what is the woman who stands before you? One who for years past has been haunted by a ghost. (*tragically*) And what is that ghost? *A step-mother!* Ever since poor ma died, pa has been perpetually threatening me with a step-mother, old and young, pretty and ugly—they are all trying to inveigle him and I regret to say (*with melancholly*) that pa shows a very marked desire to be inveigled. (*looking around at the* GENERAL *who has fallen into a doze on garden bench* C., *his head bobbing from side to side*) You'd never think he was such a flirt to look at him now, would you? He's fallen asleep. I suppose he's dreaming of her.

Aber. Of her? whom?

Rebecca. Of a step-mother!

Aber. Perhaps he's dreaming of a son-in-law—perhaps he's dreaming of me.

Rebecca. (*curtly*) Oh, no—pa's never troubled with nightmare. (*looking* L. 1 E.) Ah! there comes those old maids, the Misses Maitland. They have a dreadful fascination over pa. I don't know Abby, which he prefers best—I think he likes them both equally.

The GENERAL *has awakened and comes down* R. C., *as the* MISSES MAITLAND *enter* R. 1 E.

Eugenia. (*entering*) Ah! Good morning, General.

Margaretta. (*entering*) Yes! Good morning, General. (*rapidly crossing to* GENERAL *and shaking hands extravagantly.*

General. Ladies, your most obedient.

(*gives arm to each of the ladies, and they go up* C., *talking.*

Rebecca. (L. C., *looking savagely at them—to* ABBY) Just look at pa—he seems perfectly intoxicated. This well never do—we must get him away from those two harpies.

Aber. He needs a good muscular, determined son-in-law to control him. He has reached that desperate stage of gallantry, where nothing but brute force can have any effect on him.

ABERCROMBIE *and* REBECCA *talk together* L. H. GENERAL *and the* MISSES MAITLAND *come down* C.

Eugenia. (R. C.) Ah, General! you say the most charming things, no wonder you used to be such a great London beau.

Margaretta. (R. C.) Yes—such a great London beau.

The GENERAL *has been paying marked attention to both of them until* NINA *enters* R. U. E., *when he leaves them, and goes up and greets her with great show of courtesy.* EUGENIA *and* MARGARETTA *are both very much shocked.*

Eugenia. (R. H.) Margaretta, it is that objectionable Mrs. Chauncy who rented the Morrison Cottage and whom nobody but Edith Fielding and her aunt, has ever visited.

Margaretta. (R. C.) Yes—ever visited. How *can* Edith and her aunt, Lady Ogden visit a person of whom they know actually nothing?

Eugenia. (*with a sigh*) To think of such raw democracy, in one whose mother was a Maitland ?

Margaretta. Yes—a Maitland. (*they go up stage* R. H.

Rebecca. (R. C., *to* ABER) How on earth, did pa ever fall in with that woman? He's scarcely been out of my sight for weeks, except when I let him go to the village last Thursday to buy a mowing machine.

Aber. (R. *looking at* NINA) She's awfully handsome. I've seen her walking along the road several times lately ; goes in for the melancholly style. Persons with a past—heart that breaks and brokenly lives on—perpetually dressed in mourning for heaven knows whom, and all that sort of thing.

(*both crossing to* L. H.

General. (*coming down with* NINA L. C., *and introducing her to others*) Mrs. Chauncy, allow me to make you acquainted with the Misses Maitland, Eugenia and Margaretta. My daughter Miss Rebecca Stanley, and Mr. Abercrombie Courtwell.

NINA *acknowledges the introductions then talks to* GENERAL *going up* C. *Position at introduction.**

Eugenia. (*to* MARGARETTA) These adventuresses are so cunning, of course she is trying to entrap the poor General—we must save him.

They both start to go up to GENERAL *who has gone up* C., *with* NINA. REBECCA *intercepts them and lays her hand upon the* GENERAL'S *arm.*

Rebecca. (C.) There's a strong breeze just here dear pa, you must move away—remember your Rheumatism. (*turns to* NINA) I have to be so careful of him, Mrs. Chauncey, he suffers so dreadfully from Rheumatism. (*she discovers that* GENERAL *has gone to the* MISSES MAITLAND *and hurries to him*) No—no—not there either pa dear ; it's just as dangerous there.

(*pushes him up to garden bench* R. C.

Eugenia. (R. C., *to* GENERAL) You have a charming thoughtful daughter.

Margaretta. (R. C.) Yes—thoughtful daughter.

General. (*coughing on bench*) Ahem ! Yes, but—ahem ! there's such a thing something as being too careful.

Eugenia. (*with a spiteful laugh*) Oh, my dear General, I quite agree with you.

Margaretta. Yes—quite agree with you.

Nina. (*aside* L. C.) The situation is getting too warm for me, I had best stroll back to the Manor ; if the General speaks to me again, I suppose I am not safe from personal violence on his daughter's part.

NINA *goes up and stands* R. C. LADY OGDEN *is wheeled in with invalid chair from* L. U. E., *to* R. C., *by* CYRIL *and* ANDREW—EDITH *following, all gather round* LADY OGDEN.†

General. (C.) Are you not imprudent thus to brave the coming night dews, in your feeble condition of health ?

Lady O. I have not been for a twelve month upon the lawn of Fielding Manor, nor for longer than that time have I stood erect. But it is on the lawn of Fielding Manor, and in no other attitude that I will receive Cuthbert Fielding our returned heir, the last of our line ; we are nine centuries old—think of that—nine centuries—and now that Cuthbert comes back to us, there shall be—please God—a Fielding in the Manor for as many centuries to come. (*Music pp.*

*R. EUGENIA. MARGARETTA. NINA. GENERAL. REBECCA. ABERCROMBIE. L.

†NINA. CYRIL. GENERAL.
ANDREW. LADY OGDEN. EDITH. REBECCA.
EUGENIA. MARGARETTA. ABERCROMBIE.

Edith. (*near porch looking off* L. H.) Oh, aunt, aunt! He is here! He is here!

LADY OGDEN *grasps her staff which* ANDREW *hands her, and totters to her feet* LUCIAN GLYRE *enters from house* L. H. *Stands an instant. Picture—chord.*

Edith. (L. C.) Oh! Cuthbert! I am so glad you have come back. (*she fall into his arms as he gets on last step.*

Glyre. (*aside*) How beautiful she is.

Edith. (*looking at him*) You are changed—changed! (*she leads him to* LADY OGDEN, R. C.

Lady O. (*putting both her hands on his shoulders*) Oh, my boy! My boy! These eyes are so —so dim with tears that—that I can't see you. Andrew, my spectacles, get them for me—put them on, I can't find them.

She fumbles on watch chain for them, ANDREW *takes them and puts them on her.* NINA *comes down* R. H.

Nina. (R. H., *bewildered*) Am I dreaming?

Lady O. Now, I can see you.

GLYRE *kisses her forehead,* LADY OGDEN *looking intently some time, she starts back shuddering.*

Glyre. (*frightened*) What is it, Aunt Catherine? (*very kindly*) Ah, you are still weak and ill. Let me help you back into your chair.

Lady O. (*gasping*) No, no—Andrew will. (ANDREW *helps her to chair* R. C., *she falls into it shuddering*) *I do not recognize a feature of the Fieldings in his face.*

Edith. (*bending over* LADY OGDEN, *fondly*) Why! What is the matter aunt? Are you not well? Has the meeting with dear Cuthbert, been too much for you? (*stroking her hand.*

General. (L. C., *to* GLYRE) Mr. Fielding, let me welcome you back to your old home. (*shaking hands.*

Glyre. (C.) Thanks, thanks!

General. And now let me present the Misses Maitland, whom you perhaps remember. My daughter, Miss Rebecca Stanley. Your sister's affianced husband, Mr. Cyril Garland, and my near kinsman, Mr. Abercrombie Courtwell. (*all acknowledge introduction.*

Glyre. What does this extraordinary behavior mean; why am I subjected to it from one who should be the warmest in welcoming me home?

Eugenia. You must recollect Mr. Fielding, that Lady Ogden is very old.

Margaretta. Yes—very old.

Rebecca. (*coquettishly smiling at* GLYRE) Lady Ogden's memory must be nearly gone you know.

Aber. (*with a knowing nod*) Remember she is over eighty.

Lady O. (*still staring at* GLYRE) And you are Cuthbert Fielding. Can it be possible?

Glyre. (*laughing*) I suppose I have changed a good deal in fifteen years. But I am Cuthbert, there's no mistake about that Aunt Catherine—the scamp of the family as you used to call me.

Lady O. So I did—so I did.

Edith. (*reproachfully*) Oh, aunt, your greeting is colder than I expected it would be, but you are unstrung, excited; you had best let Cyril and Andrew wheel you back into the house, and in a little while I am sure that my dear brother, will have convinced you very thoroughly that he is Cuthbert Fielding.

Nina. (*coming* R. C.) He is not Cuthbert Fielding.* (*Chord—Picture.*

---

*ANDREW. CYRIL. GLYRE. GENERAL.
MARGARETTA. LADY OGDEN. EDITH.
EUGENIA. NINA. REBECCA. ABERCROMBIE.

Edith. (c.) Nina! What do you mean?

Nina. (*pointing at* Glyre) I mean that this man's name is Lucian Glyre, that he is an American, and *was* my husband.

Omnes. Lucian Glyre! An American! Her husband!

Nina. (*still pointing*) Ask him!

Glyre *when first accused is very much frightened, but by this time has fully recovered himself and stands motionless,* c.

Edith. Surely, Nina—you must be mad!

Nina. Not so, Edith, what I say is the truth—nothing but the truth, and I now repeat it in the presence of all these people. (*pointing again*) That man is named, Lucian Glyre. He is an American, and *was* my husband.

Edith. (*alarmed*) Your husband?

Nina. Ask him! bold and bad as he is, he dare not deny it!

Glyre. (c., *with folded arms, calmly*) What that lady speaks is false in fact, though true in her belief.

Edith. (*quickly*) Are you not my brother?

Glyre. I am.

Edith. (*pointing to* Nina.) Were you this lady's husband?

Glyre. (*with melancholly*) I *was*.

Edith. (*eagerly*) You were! Then that at least is true. But—but she says your name is Glyre.

Glyre. (*the same*) It was.

Edith. (*bewildered*) Oh, I do not understand. How can what you say be possible—if yet——

Glyre. I will explain. (*everybody listens eagerly*) Not wishing to drag the name of Fielding through the paths which I have been obliged to tread, I assumed that of Lucian Glyre; under that name and in all honor I married that lady in San Francisco—but she proved a faithless wife and I obtained a divorce from her under the name she had disgraced. (*looking sharply at* Nina) Is not this true?

Nina. (*in agony*) I—I was innocent of all wrong!

Glyre. (*shaking his head*) I wish I could have believed you innocent. (*with rebuke*) But the court of your native city, awarding me the divorce shared with me my in credulity. Is not this true? (Nina *stands with drooping head*) I ask again—is not what I have said true, Madam?

Nina. (*bursting in to tears*) It is!

Glyre. (*turning from her*) That is all.

Nina. (*dashing tears from her face—with head erect*) That is *not* all. This man's real name is, Lucian Glyre—Edith, Lady Ogden, General Stanley—he told me all his life. Oh, Edith—oh, Lady Ogden—let me save you both from this terrible imposture; even if I lose my good name, as I have already lost my child.

Glyre. (*to* Edith *taking ring from watch-chain*) Sister, do you recollect this? (*taking ring*) Have you kept the pledge in return for which you gave me this?

Edith. I have.

Glyre. By the words of brotherly and sisterly love, that then passed between us, I ask you—do you believe what yonder woman says?

For an instant Edith *stands irresolute then throws herself in his arms.*

Edith. Oh, Cuthbert, brother how could I?

Nina. (*appealing*) Oh, Edith! Stop, stop! He is Lucian Glyre!

Edith. (*withdrawing from* Glyre—*to* Nina) How *can* you persist?

Lady O. (*fixing her eyes on* Glyre) One moment Edith; this is a strange accusation, and the circumstances seem to demand a fuller explanation than that already given.

Glyre. (*crossing to her*) You are right my dear aunt. But for such explanation, this is neither the time nor place; it is not proper that in the presence of so many strangers, Cuthbert Fielding, on his return home should

be thus catechized. (*taking out pocket bible, and handing it to* LADY OGDEN) This should bring me back to your memory.

Lady O. (*taking it*) The bible I gave Cuthbert. (*then suddenly*) Tell me, do you recollect the motto I taught you when I gave you this bible?

Glyre. (*hesitates—after a slight pause*) The motto! What true Fielding ever forgot it?

Lady O. (*sharply*) Repeat it then!

Glyre. (*smiling and turning looking at Manor house*) That I will. I could make no fitter salutation to the home of my fathers.

(*repeats the following verses.*

His steed in captive stall should pine,
His blade in sloth should rust,
If ever knight of Fielding's line
Betrayed a woman's trust."

But truth were falsehood; honor, shame,
And right on earth would end
If he who bears the Fielding name
Should once betray a friend."

(*Music Tremolo till end of act.*

During the recitation, EDITH *steals her hand into his; everbody seems perfectly satisfied except* NINA *and* LADY OGDEN, *who still keeps her eyes fixed on* GLYRE.

Nina. (R. C.) Oh, Edith! Will you not hear me? I———

Edith. (*with flashing eyes* C.) Hear you! Never again! You have almost made me turn away from my brother. Go! Never enter Fielding Manor again!

LADY OGDEN. GLYRE.
ANDREW. NINA. EDITH. CYRIL.
EUGENIA. MARGARETTA. GENERAL. REBECCA. ABERCROMBIE.

PICTURE—CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Library at Fielding Manor. Set door R. 3 E.: *set fire-place* R. 2 E. *Centre door,* (*open*) *backed by garden flats; chair* R. 3 E., *table* L. C., *with a chair right of it. Chair* R. 3 E.; *sofa* L. 2 E. GLYRE *discovered, seated at table* L. C., *reading letter.*

Glyre. (*reading*) "LUCIAN GLYRE:—You have conquered me for a time, "but your infamous imposture shall not go unpunished, be sure of that. "I have no fears of you, and I will leave no plan untried to expose your "new villiany. You have robbed me of all I hold dear in life—you "have made that life a ruin, almost a mockery; but I will not tamely "see you wrong Edith Fielding, whom I have learned to love tenderly "as a friend. To-night at eleven o'clock, I will be at the large west "window of the Manor Library—taking the path which leads there "through the shrubbery. I shall expect you to open the window and "admit me. In the interview which shall then take place between us, "I can say more than I now have the time or the wish to write.

NINA CHAUNCEY."

So, so! She threatens me—umph. I'll try it—I will see her to-night, it may fail, but it may not. I wonder if the dead ever do walk abroad on this earth, whether visible or invisible? Ah! What a rage the ghost

of these defunct Fieldings would fly into if that were the case, and they saw me now. (*falls into deep thought.*

Enter EDITH, R. 3 E. *She softly touches him—he starts.*

Edith. (C.) Did I startle you, Cuthbert? I have been looking for you some time; I did not know where you had fled.

Glyre. (*recovers himself*) I—I thought you were with Aunt Catherine. (*tenderly taking her hand.*

Edith. (*on stool at his feet*) Oh, Cuthbert, it makes me so happy to have you back with us again. I am prepared to love you so dearly—you don't know how I have been yearning to see you home here once more in your rightful place, and now I shall abdicate completely in your favor; your word is to be law. You know you are the master of Fielding now, you are to reign here, and to reign by love I'm sure.

Glyre. (*kissing her forehead*) Yes, to reign by love.

Edith. (*drawing away*) Why Cuthbert, how cold your lips are!

Glyre. Are they? It is from standing so long on the porch, the evening is rather chilly you know, Edith; perhaps I was imprudent to remain there, I am not wholly recovered from that obstinate Australian fever.

Edith. I cannot stay with you more than a few minutes longer this evening; Aunt Catherine, I fear will need my services. (*pause, then softly*) Cuthbert I have a favor to ask of you, it is not a very great one—you'll grant it I know. You have been cold to Cyril—my affianced husband; he feels your coldness I am sure of that, though he said nothing to me—that is why he went. I saw him a little while after you had gone to your chamber—I read him so well always; I guessed his secret at once, I could not help but guess it. Cyril is poor but proud—I think his poverty makes him prouder—his race is equal with our own you know; a Fielding does not stoop in marrying a Garland—you will be kinder to him won't you, when you see him again? promise me this; you are above him remember, and should make the first advances—I so want you to be friends to each other, the firmest and best of friends. Come now, Cuthbert, give me your promise, and I will say good-night.

Glyre. Certainly, I will promise you anything, I will repair my faults if I have really committed any, but you should allow for the natural effect of my return with all its attendant excitement. I think Mr. Garland does me injustice, however I will try when next we meet to alter his mistaken impression.

Edith. Thanks. (*going and returning*) I hope I have not offended you, Cuthbert?

Glyre. (*quickly*) No, no! far from that.

Edith. Good-night. (*pausing at door*) I am sorry you are to have so dull an evening.

Glyre. (*laughing*) Oh, I shall manage to enjoy myself very well, good-night. (*Exit* EDITH R. 3 E. GLYRE *looks around.*

Glyre. What quiet grandeur, and all this is to be mine—mine unless—unless—(*looking towards window* C.) Well, let her come; I will meet her. (*taking bound volume from pocket, and laying it on table* L. C. *Seats himself and turns over leaves slowly*) What trivial things memory made important to this man, but these trivialities are each one a certificate of identity to me. I am playing for a great stake, and if my nerves remain firm, I will play the game out and win it. (*takes pen and writes*) Surely no expert could question this writing. Yes, I have mastered his signature perfectly, but for the difference in colors of ink and paper——

Enter ANDREW R. 3 E.

Andrew. (R. C.) Have you any further orders for the evening, Mr. Fielding?

Glyre. Andrew, why do you not call me "Master Cuthbert," as you used to do in the old days?

Andrew. (*embarrassed*) Why, sir, you're a grown gentleman now.

Glyre. But the difference between our ages is the same, Andrew. Don't you remember Andrew, the day you saved me from a whipping for playing truant? How you warned me that my father was coming towards the river. It was "Master Cuthbert," then. Do you not recollect how it was always, "Master Cuthbert" when you taught me to ride, and told me stories of General Fielding's valorous doings in the Peninsula? Ah! Andrew, we were friends then. I want to feel that the only servant in the house who knew me in my boyhood is still a friend to me.

Andrew. Master Cuthbert! Yes, Master Cuthbert—I remember.

Glyre. There, there, Andrew, you may go, I will close the library myself.

Exit ANDREW R. 3 E., *muttering "Master Cuthbert" very much pleased.*

Glyre. What an easy victory that was! A few more such remembrances, and he will be willing to swear that I am the only "Master Cuthbert." (*goes to window* C., *opens it.*

Enter NINA C.—*she is very pale.*

Nina. (*looking at him steadily*) So you agreed to see me?

Glyre. (*with a shrug*) Why not? you have already sought to expose me, and failed. But you are not satisfied—you threaten to take other measures.

Nina. I *do*, and I *shall* take them.

Glyre. (*calmly*) I think you will not take them.

Nina. Why not pray?

Glyre. (*pointing to chair* L. C.) Be seated if you please, and I will tell you. (NINA *seats herself he remains standing* C.) The fate that brings us together is certainly a strange one—you must admit that.

Nina. Strange, indeed, yes—some people might call it so; I had hoped that we would never meet on earth again, Lucian Glyre. God knows that I did not want ever to see you again—but now I am not sorry that we have met since I shall be the means of saving two good and noble women from that villainy which has wronged me as it would wrong them.

Glyre. (*smiling*) And so you still persist in believing that I *am* Lucian Glyre, and not Cuthbert Fielding?

Nina. (*springing up*) Come, this audacity of defiance verges on the absurd. I am no longer the weak trusting child, whom you once could deceive as your vile duplicity chose; the very anguish that you have made me suffer, has given me a wisdom your own guile did not count upon that guile now overreaches itself. Be careful how you persist in this role,—once for all, I know that your name *is and always has been Lucian Glyre.* Be careful how you push me to extremes; I came here to accept no terms from you —I came to dictate them.

Glyre. (*calmly*) Ah, indeed, and those terms, madam, are——

Nina. That you shall have quitted this house before to-morrow morning, leaving behind you a written statement to Miss Edith Fielding, that you are not her brother.

Glyre. (*hoarsely*) I simply laugh at your words; you have threatened to expose me—what can you do?

Nina. (*scornfully*) Do? I can go back to California, and collect the written evidences of those to whom you have repeatedly told the story of your past life. I can find your fellow officers in the American war, and procure their testimony—more than that, I can visit those who knew you upon your father's southern plantation, and secure affidavits from them which will place your origin beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Glyre. (*after pause*) You are right; time has made you wise—it has al-

so made you singularly cruel. You forget that however you may despise and hate me, I am still the father of your child.

Nina. (*tearfully*) Yes, the child who was all I had left to comfort me; yet whom you tore from my devoted arms.

Glyre. You love him still?

Nina. (*choking with tears*) Do I love him? Bad as your are, Lucian Glyre, how can you ever ask me that question?

Glyre. (*carelessly*) Oh, I merely thought that if you still loved your child it might be the means of showing you how imprudent is your present course.

Nina. (*frightened*) No, no! you can't mean that—you can't mean——

Glyre. (*folding his arms*) I mean simply this, your son lives—where? I know—you do not. He is mine—given to me by the law—mine to educate as I please—mine to mould, influence, control! You know what power I possess over adults—how easily I can bend most people to my will. Now fight me with these weapons you have just boasted of—fight me as you propose to do; eject me as an impostor from Fielding Manor. I have but one means of revenge—I will take that means, as surely as that I now speak and you listen. It is this; by every resource in my power I will train your son to hate you and to curse your name. Next I will instil into his heart and mind the most sordid and corrupt views of life, I will teach him to steal, to lie, to cheat, to recognize one God—himself; one code of honor—expediency, one monitor of conscience—opportunity for wrong—he shall grow up a callous, merciless villian—drenched with all the baleful advice I can give him—embittered to the core of his being—a finished knave before he is twenty, and ready perhaps at thirty for the jailor or the hangman. This I swear to you, and you know me well enough, Nina Chauncey, to know that I will keep my word.

Nina. You, you will do this, unless—I consent to let you remain here as—as the master of Fielding Manor?

Glyre. I will do it.

Nina. You—you wish me to—to keep silent?

Glyre. More than that; I wish you to go away from here, to go back to America, to leave me in peace. You think me cruel as ice—I will show you that I can be merciful.

Nina. (*sneering*) You merciful?

Glyre. Yes, merciful—or something like it. You can return to your child; I will tell you where he is. You can repossess him again, but it must be only after giving me your solemn written promise, that you will never molest me hereafter and reveal to no one in America where I am or in what position; the instant you do this, I will reclaim the child.

Nina. (*after struggle*) I consent.

Glyre. (*handing paper*) Sign this paper, (*she does so*) and now, (*handing another*) you will find here full directions regarding where you are to find your child, besides an order on those who now have him in their possession, demanding that they shall restore him to your care. (*looking at clock*) Our interview has already been too long; remember, I require you to start to-morrow and as quietly as possible—now good-night.

Nina. (*going slowly to window*) Lucian Glyre, I came here thinking to conquer you, but you have conquered me—so be it—mine is the defeat, yours the triumph. But I now warn you—beware how long that triumph shall last; there are some acts of such outrage and injustice, that Heaven must not and will not permit to prosper, and though your victory now looks sure yet I know the hour of your overthrow, cannot be far distant—I know that you have set your foot upon your own ruin, and now walk to its fulfilment. (*exit through* C., *window.* GLYRE *stands looking after her, exultingly.*

Enter CYRIL, R. 3 E.

Cyril. (R. C.) Mr. Fielding, your sister informed me, that you would see me; I have for sometime felt the necessity of speaking to you, regarding my own and Edith's engagement. You are the head of the house now, and

it is of course my duty to address you on that subject; if I have hesitated in seeking such an interview, it has been only through a fear of awkwardly thrusting myself upon your courtesy when other pressing affairs engaged you.

Glyre. (L. C., *bowing coldly*) And what have you to say, Mr. Garland?

Cyril. Only this, Edith and I were playmates together as boy and girl; she used to call me, "Cuthbert's substitute" in our earlier days—we have grown up together, and somehow or another, stronger love than friendship has gradually become natural to us. I am only a poor subaltern as you know, but my family is as good as Edith's as you must be aware. Lady Ogden, has already given her consent to our marriage, but I feel in honor bound to request yours also, as I would certainly do even if no disparity existed between my own and your sister's position. (*slight pause.*

Glyre. You will perhaps agree with me, Mr. Garland, when I tell you that to a man of the world like myself, this disparity of which you speak, is striking—you have nearly nothing, Edith is an heiress of a very large property.

Cyril. But she loves me devotedly.

Glyre. As for her loving you devotedly my dear Mr. Garland, very young men are apt to believe themselves inspirers of eternal passion.

Cyril. (*aside, biting his lips*) Is he sneering at me? (*aloud*) Mr. Fielding, I am no less certain of Edith's love, than I am certain of the disinterested motives which fill my own heart.

Glyre. (*laughing, with a shrug*) Oh, I cast no doubt upon your motives, but when an almost penniless man seeks the hand of a great heiress, you know how the world is apt to regard such matters.

Cyril. (*starting*) Do I understand you aright? Do you mean to imply that my aim is that of a fortune-hunter?

Glyre. (*laughing*) Oh, the word is your own, Mr. Garland. I should be very sorry to say anything so—so uncivil.

Cyril. (*hotly*) It would be more than uncivil, sir! It would be grossly *false!*

Glyre. (*shrugging*) I am my sister's sole protector, you cannot blame me for wishing to guard her interest.

Cyril. Mr. Fielding, do you then refuse your consent that I shall marry your sister?

Glyre. (*haughtily*) I withold my consent.

Cyril. (*walking to* D. R. 3 E.—*turns pausing on threshold*) Be it as you choose, judge my actions by the coldest rules—since such is your wish. The severity cuts deep, but it wounds unfairly. If I loved Edith less, I might ask her to renounce her own inheritance, and share with me the uncertain chances of a poor subaltern's career. Oh, do not look surprised Mr. Fielding, she would not refuse—it is I who shall however, proud and glad as I would be to work for her through the future. Perhaps you may hereafter regret your present conduct, unless your are so much "a man of the world" that my delicacy of feeling is lost upon you and my quickness to resent a covert insult is coarsely misunderstood—good-night, Mr. Fielding.

(*exit* CYRIL, R. 3 E.

Glyre. (*throwing himself into chair* L. C.) Gone, gone! And he is too proud even to return. I love her—and what a love that is, and whither might such a passion lead me? to the depths of ruin and disgrace. No, no! I will be sure on that point; what if it bursts all bonds and—no, no, that is merely a morbid fear. I cannot fling these all away for a dream—a fancy.

Enter EDITH, *unobserved,* R. 3 E. *She touches him—he starts.*

Edith. (*choked with tears*) Oh, Cuthbert! what have you been saying to Cyril? He has just bid me farewell—as he says, forever—this must not be. It will kill me to lose him, I—I cannot give him up.

Glyre. (*rising, not looking at her*) Edith, I am your brother, and much

older than you; I have seen the world—I know men. If Mr. Garland is worthy of your love, let him show it.

Edith. How, brother, how?

Glyre. By waiting for you.

Edith. Waiting? But he has waited—he——

Glyre. Let him wait longer. Let him give you a chance to mingle in society. If your love is as strong as you both profess it, time will do it no damage—I am not a believer in early marriages, perhaps you know why?

Edith. But Cyril, is so proud; he says you have insulted him.

Glyre. (*bitterly*) If the truth be an insult, then he is right. I have simply shown him the truth, I wished his frequent visits to the Manor postponed for the present—that is all.

Edith. He will never consent to that. Oh! I am sure of it.

Glyre. Then he is unworthy of becoming your husband.

Edith. Oh, no, no! you wrong him—you wrong us both!

Glyre. (*turning to her*) Edith, you must choose between your duty to me and your love for him. You said not long ago that I should be your adviser and counselor in everything. Prove now that you are willing to hold me so, and prove it by trusting me. (*taking both her hands and kissing them*) Leave me now, leave me I beg of you! I will see you again to-morrow on this subject, I—I want to think it over. Remember, that I am acting wholly for your good or striving to do so. Perhaps some more lenient course may suggest itself.

Edith. (*eagerly*) You will see, Cyril? You will explain to him by letter? (*going* R. 3 E.

Glyre. Perhaps.

Edith. (*standing in doorway*) Oh, if you only will——

Glyre. (*turning away*) Good-night.

Edith. (*brokenly*) Good-night. (*exit slowly* R. 3 E.

During last dialogue, distant thunder has been heard with flashes of lightning.

Glyre. (*pacing stage*) I did not send him away, the fellow went of his own accord. Let him remain; if he chooses to make his own pride an impediment to his marriage with Edith, all the better. Since Edith is forever lost to me in a dearer wifely way, which my great love makes me desire—at least it will be sweet to have her near me in future years.

During speech he has gone R., *in front of fire-place facing window* C.—*a bright flash of lightning reveals the face of* CUTHBERT FIELDING, *looking in* C. *Chord.*

Glyre. (*terribly frightened*) Great heaven! The face of Cuthbert Fielding. (*rushes to window and looks out then comes down* L. C., *and falls into chair*) What did I see, a ghost? Pshaw—the very idea is absurd, preposterous. Beyond doubt the face was that of a passing servant; the lightning, and my own troubled fancy done the rest. No, no, there is no such thing as ghosts. Dead men never rise up—I will go to bed.

Goes to put out light, when he sees LADY OGDEN *slowly entering* L. 1 E. *He hurries to her and helps her to a chair* R. C.

Glyre. Why, aunt, I am glad to see that you can leave your apartment. I have heard that you were very ill and feeble.

Lady O. (*aside*) How glibly the word "aunt" drops from his lips. He does not dream that I still suspect him, that I have come here to put deceit against deceit, and make him expose himself as the impostor that I so firmly believe him to be. (*aloud*) Yes, Cuthbert, I am very feeble, I am only able to totter about a little as you see. (*looking up into his face*) I—I did not wish, Cuthbert, that another night should pass uncleared of all doubt between us, and so I have brought you a peace offering.

Glyre. (L. C.) A peace offering, aunt? why, that was indeed needless between you and me.

Lady O. (*shaking her head*) No, no, I did not think it so—here it is, (*takes from her pocket two pictures and hands one to him. A flash of lightning and thunder*) a likeness of your dead mother.

Glyre. (*taking it to lamp*) A picture of my poor dead mother? (*thunder and lightning*) This must have been taken a short time previous to my mother's death. The face in it's emaciation shows decay.

Lady O. (*standing up triumphantly, then says*) Do you think it look like your mother? (*pause.*

Glyre. (*looks intently at picture*) Wonderfully like! There is the same old familiar expression. (*vivid lightning and thunder. Music pp.*

Lady O. (*getting to* C., *dropping other picture* R. C.) And so the mask falls from your face. Who are you, sir?

Glyre. (*frightened*) What do you mean?

Lady O. (*with chilly laugh*) What do I mean? I mean that the picture I showed you is not that of the woman whose son you profess to be, but that of John Fielding's sister, Helen Fielding. (*thunder and lightning.*

Glyre. (*starts*) A trap!

Lady O. Yes, a trap, into which you have fallen. I doubted you, sir, the moment I clearly saw your face. I doubted you when your cold kiss first touched my forehead, and instinctively shrank from it. I doubted you when the woman who had been your wife denounced you—I doubt you no longer. Yonder on the floor lies the picture of her whom you would call mother; now, sir, who are you, and why have you dared to enter this house? Will you not speak?

LADY OGDEN *takes a step towards him.* GLYRE *has at first been very much frightened, but by this time has fully recovered himself, and stands with folded arms* C., *with look of melancholy on his face.*

Glyre. (*calmly*) I was prepared for something of the sort, fully prepared.

Lady O. (*taken back*) What do you mean?

Glyre. I mean that from the first moment I met you, I read in your face the ungenerous doubt you now avow. I came back yearning to find a home and a welcome to it, wearied to the heart with struggles, perplexities, and defects of past years, I met you at the very threshold of that home only to read insulting distrust in the face of her who should have best remembered me.

Lady O. You are a great actor, I see that—but you are nothing more. Were you really Cuthbert Fielding, you would have known that that picture does not reflect a feature of his mother's face.

Glyre. I do know it does not, I feel that you showed it to me because it was not hers. Pshaw! the trick would not have deceived a child.

Lady O. Then why did you encourage the trick?

Glyre. (*rebukingly*) To learn the sad truth—to learn that my own flesh and blood doubted and repudiated me, was laying traps for my detection in a fraud. Why, you ask did I encourage it? To tear aside the veil, to stand clearly facing *my father's sister*, in her noble work of detective deceit, and now I fairly confront the naked fact; you do not believe me to be Cuthbert Fielding. Then in heaven's name tell me who I am? An impostor come here to steal Fielding's birthright? (LADY OGDEN *staggers back and falls feebly into chair* R. C.) And this—this is the happy greeting I longed, prayed, hungered for, as I lay on my fevered bed in Australia. This is the fulfilment of what was prophesied in your own letter answering mine, and saying "come home, Cuthbert, come home to loving hearts." Yes! this was the love I was to find awaiting me. (*falls into chair* L. C., *covering his face*)

Lady O. (*rises and totters to him*) Forgive me, Cuthbert, I was wrong—you have dissipated my last doubt. I—I ask your pardon, indeed, I do.

Glyre. (*springing up and tenderly embracing her*) Aunt Catherine, how can I help forgiving you?

Lady O. (*speaking in tears*) I am but a foolish old woman, I—I am full of fancies and apprehensions; the effort to see you had weakened me so. Let it be all forgotten between us, Cuthbert, I—I have no doubt left now, not one.

Glyre. (*aside*) Thank heaven for that. (*he picks up the other picture and takes it to the light*) Ah! here is my poor mother—here is the expression of quiet appeal, that so often stood between me and my father's hard anger.

LADY OGDEN *has stood where she can see picture over his shoulder—she utters triumphant cry. Music—chord and tremolo.*

Lady O. (*recoiling c.*) Heaven succeeds, where I have failed.

Glyre. (*terrified*) What are you saying?

Lady O. What I said before, you are not, Cuthbert Fielding, but a miserable impostor, and as such I denounce you.

Glyre. (*folding his arms*) You must be insane!

Lady O. That will not do. Nervous, anxious and with dim sight I selected those pictures, I did think one of them was Mrs. Fielding; I now see it is that of a distant relative—it bears not the slightest resemblance to the mother of Cuthbert Fielding, my mistake not my wisdom detects you. Do you dare still to assert that you are Cuthbert Fielding?

Glyre. (*doggedly after pause*) You are right, I am not Cuthbert Fielding.

Lady O. At last! (*thunder and lightning*) Now tell me, tell me, for you must know—where is Cuthbert Fielding?

Glyre. Fielding is dead.

Lady O. Dead? I do not believe you, and yet—oh, heavens! you may be his murderer. You may have murdered him for the purpose of this imposture.

Glyre. (*threatening, starting towards her*) Silence!

Lady O. (*drawing herself up*) You knave! how dare you use that tone to me; every nerve in my old body grieves with indignant desire to denounce and expose you.

Glyre. (*between his teeth*) Do it! do it and I will say that you are mad—yes, and prove it too. Remember, if I have said I am not Cuthbert Fielding, I have said it to you alone and not before witnesses; I still stand a strong chance of being believed—I will take that chance. The proofs that I possess will convince any court in England, they have already satisfied and convinced Edith. Oh, my lady I am no common villian, so beware—beware what you do?

Lady O. (*laughing bitterly*) I will put your proofs to the test, sir, and that now. (*thunder and lightning as she goes to door* R. 3 E.) Help! Help! (*Music tremolo till end of act.*

Glyre. (*following, grasping her wrist*) Silence! be silent I say, or you may repent it!

Lady O. (*turning to him*) How dare you touch me? (*Picture.*

Glyre. (*dropping her hand*) You had better hear me!

Lady O. (*going to door*) Help! Andrew, Martin, help, help!

(*Exit* LADY OGDEN R. 3 E. *Pistol shot followed by a loud clap of thunder.*

Glyre. (*starting*) The house has been struck.

Enter EDITH *very pale and frightened* R. 3 E.

Edith. (*wildly*) Oh, Cuthbert! The house has been struck!

Glyre. (*embracing her*) Thank heaven! you are safe!

Edith. Oh, I am not hurt, but Aunt Catherine———

Glyre. (*eagerly*) What of Aunt Catherine?

Edith. She is at the foot of the stairs, I—I think she has fainted.

Glyre. Let us go to her.

Starts to go as LADY OGDEN *supported by* ANDREW *and servants, enters and sinks into arm chair* R. C.

Glyre. (L. C., *to* ANDREW) Do you think she is dead ?
Andrew. (*shuddering*) Oh, no, sir, not that—it can't be that.
Glyre. If the lightning struck her it must be.
Andrew. (C.) The lightning did not strike her, it struck the staircase, much higher up than where my lady stood. The banister is all splintered.
Glyre. (*biting his lip*) You think it is only the shock then ?
Edith. Yes, yes, it was only the shock—how strange that she should have been down stairs; I suppose she was alarmed on account of the storm. But why did she not come to my chamber? Oh, I was careless and cruel to have left her alone, poor Aunt Catherine, ill as she was. (LADY OGDEN *open her eyes*) See her eyes are open! (*delighted*) She is better now! Aunt! Aunt! Speak to me.

GLYRE *stands cowering* L. H.—LADY OGDEN *struggles to speak, but fails and with servant's aid totters to table* L. C., *points to* GLYRE *and takes up pen and dips it into ink, tries to write, fails and falls back dead* L. C. GLYRE *seems relieved*—EDITH *bends over her.*

Edith. Oh, aunt! She wanted to tell us something, to tell you something Cuthbert. But see, she has fainted again.
Andrew. (*trembling*) Not fainted this time—
Edith. (*wildly*) What do you mean, Andrew?
Andrew. (*solemnly*) Miss Edith, Lady Ogden is dead!
Edith. Dead! (*turns to* GLYRE) Cuthbert do you hear? (*bewildered*)
Glyre. Yes, I hear! (*aside*) And it is fate! (*Picture—music change to f*.

SERVANT. ANDREW. LADY OGDEN.
ERVANT. EDITH. GLYRE.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Drawing-room at Fielding Manor. Door C.; *set door* R. 3 E.; *chair* R. 2 E.; *two chairs* R. C., *and* L. C.; *table* L. 3 E.; *chair* L. 2 E. EDITH *and* REBECCA *discovered seated.*

Rebecca. (L. C.) Well, Edith dear, we all have our troubles, if it aint one thing it's another. (*with a sigh.*
Edith. (*smiling and taking her hand*) Why, Rebecca, what has happened to depress your spirits? Have you quarreled again with poor Abercrombie Courtwell? who adores you and whom I am afraid you don't always treat with too much mercy.
Rebecca. (*impatiently*) Oh, bother Abercrombie, I treat him altogether better than he deserves. (*mournfully*) No Edith, I allude to pa.
Edith. (*controling her laughter*) Why, what has the poor General been doing?
Rebecca. (*wailing*) Doing? The worst thing he could possibly do. (*tragically*) Edith, he has been falling in love! Yes, isn't it horrible? He is at the house of those two Maitland's, morning, noon, and night. Abercrombie cannot keep him at home—I cannot keep him at home. He openly threatens me, Edith, with that horrible curse, *a step-mother!*

Enter ABERCROMBIE *warm and excited*—REBECCA *sees him rushes to him and sizes his arm.*

Rebecca. Abercrombie! you promised me that you would remain at home and restrain pa. Why, have you not done so?

Aber. (*ruefully*) Restrain him! Why, it would take a ball and chain to do that. (*heroically*) Rebecca can we bridle a hurricane? can we control a cataract? (*strikes position.*

Rebecca. (*wildly to* EDITH) Just hear! Pa has fled to the Maitlands. (*in tears*) Oh, Edith isn't it horrible?

GENERAL *enter* R. 3 E., *with* MISSES EUGENIA *and* MARGARETTA MAITLAND, *arm in arm.*

Eugenia. (*coming to* EDITH) How is your poor brother's health, Edith dear?

Margaretta. (*coming to* EDITH) Yes, Edith dear.

Rebecca. (*to* EUGENIA *spitefully*) I want to thank you for being so kind to pa, taking him about with you, you know like this—but then you always were such benevolent *old ladies.*

Eugenia. (*straightening up*) Old ladies!

Margaretta. (*same*) Old ladies!

MARGARETTA *and* EUGENIA *talk to* GENERAL, *up* C. R. REBECCA *and* ABERCROMBIE, L. H. *Enter* ANDREW R. 1 E., *speaks to* EDITH *and then exits* R. 1 E.

Edith. (R. H.) I must beg you all to excuse me for a few moments, my brother has sent for me. He is better and when I tell him you are here he will possibly come down and see you; meanwhile I am sure that you can all spend together a few hours of mutual entertainment. (*exit* EDITH R. 1 E.

Rebecca. (L. C., *aside*) Yes, mutual entertainment is precisely what I intend that we shall have. (*aloud to* EUGENIA *with pensive smile*) My dear Miss Eugenia, in spite of your own and your sister's goodness to pa, I feel—yes really I feel called upon *to warn you both.*

Eugenia. (C., *amazed*) To warn us Rebecca?

Rebecca. Hush! don't speak so loudly—for sometime past Abercrombie and I have noticed marked symptoms of insanity in pa; they first came on about a year ago, since then he has been gradually growing worse, we are now—I say it with the deepest sorrow, we are seriously thinking of placing poor pa within an insane asylum.

Eugenia. (*astonished*) The General crazy! I—I can't believe it.

Aber. (*who has been listening joins* REBECCA) But I assure you it is true. At any moment my dear Miss Eugenia, when you are least prepared for such a mark of attention, the General may become outrageously violent. Rebecca, do you recollect how only last week, your father fired a heavy fish knife at my unprotected head?

Rebecca. Yes, luckily it only grazed your temple Aber dear, but it *might have killed you.*

Eugenia. (*frightened*) Oh, this is horrible, I—I must tell Margaretta, I—

The GENERAL *has been talking up* R. C., *with* MARGARETTA—*he has heard the most of the dialogue, and now comes down* C., *much excited.*

General. (C.) Please do nothing of the sort. (*in a rage he makes a blow at* ABERCROMBIE *with cane*) You, you miserable little back-biter. Miss Eugenia, ladies, both of you—it's—it's the basest falsehood! I'm no more crazy than you are yourself. Now I am going to assert my rights.

Eugenia. Do so General; we'll support your resolve. Stand up for yourself—be a man!

L. EDITH. MARGARETTA. GENERAL. EUGENIA. REBECCA. ABERCROMBIE. R.

Margaretta. Yes—be a man.

Rebecca. (*pointing to* GENERAL) Don't you see how dangerous he looks and acts; I advise you to go at once for your own personal safety.

Aber. Yes, ladies, if you don't go you may live to repent it—no—no, I mean you may not live to repent it; you must see that the General is in a demented state now.

Eugenia. We see nothing of the sort.

Margaretta. Yes—nothing of the sort.

General. (*exultingly waving his cane*) Ah, ha! they see nothing of the sort. (*shaking hands with them*) They only see a poor old man, abominably traduced, (*turns to* REBECCA *and* ABERCROMBIE) they see merely the artful wiles of a daring young minx and her servile confederate.

Rebecca. (*to* EUGENIA *and* MARGARETTA) You're two horrid old maids. You'd better go home and make your wills. Haven't you had your chances twenty years ago, and lost them? why can't you leave pa alone?

General. (*blustering* C.) *I'll* go home and make *my* will, you impudent shameless baggage. I'll cut you off with a shilling—yes, and I'll take these two dear faithful friends for my witnesses. (*giving each of them an arm*) Come along you poor injured lambs, come you poor wounded doves, come with me. (*going* R. 3 E.

Rebecca. Pa! for heavens sake, reflect before it is too late; you are in the hands of two artful sirens.

Eugenia. (*aghast*) Sirens! Margaretta! That we the best blood of the country should receive that insult.

Margaretta. Yes—that insult.

General. Never mind, my dear friends, let us go, and before we leave this outrageous little vixen, let us show her that she has only served to cement the friendship stronger than ever.

Kisses each of them extravagantly and exit R. 3 E. REBECCA *and* ABERCROMBIE *stand thunder-struck.*

Rebecca. (R. C.) Gone! Gone! (*turns to* ABERCROMBIE *tragically*) Never dare to address a word of love to me again unless you promise me one thing.

Aber. (*stammering*) What do you mean, Rebecca?

Rebecca. Find pa, and bring him back to me—and bring him back *unmarried!*

Aber. (L. C.) But, Rebecca——

Rebecca. (*snapishly*) Not a word, that is my sole alternative; if you won't grant my request, good-bye forever. (*exit* R. 3 E., *tragically.*

Aber. (R. C., *with comic resolution*) I'll do it, it shall be my sacred duty to bring the General back. By a grasp of iron upon his devoted collar. By a hand of bronze upon his aged ear. By a grip of steel upon his inviolate coat-tails, willing or unwilling—resisting or unresisting—dead or alive—I'll bring the General back! (*strides off* R. 3 E.

Enter EDITH R. 1 E. *Enter* ANDREW R. 3 E.—EDITH *goes to table* L. C.

Edith. (*turning and seeing* ANDREW) Well, Andrew, what is it?

Andrew. (R. C., *knowingly*) Somebody's here to see you Miss Edith—somebody you haven't seen for quite awhile.

Edith. (*excited*) Oh, Andrew—do you mean——

Andrew. Yes, Miss Edith, I mean Mr. Cyril Garland. He is waiting now in the library, shall I tell him you are here?

Edith. Oh, no Andrew, I'll go to him.

Going toward door R. 3 E., *meets* CYRIL *as he enters.* ANDREW *exits* R. 1 E. *chuckling to himself*—CYRIL *embraces* EDITH.

Cyril. (R. C.) Edith, I see you once again.

Edith. (*reproachfully*) And so you have come at last. Oh, if you knew how I had suffered from your absence!

Cyril. I will not add to that suffering by telling you of my own—every hour of the day—of the night have been consecrated by thoughts of you. I imagined the poignancy of your sorrow at the sudden death of your aunt, and hungered to utter in your ear some word of comfort, but what could I do?

Edith. Do Cyril? Why, you could have come to me.

Cyril. After the note you sent me in reply to my letter, after the willingness you then showed to renounce my love, to cancel the vows with which you had pledged your own, and at the command of a cold worldly arbitrator?

Edith. You are unjust to my brother. He has been ill since poor Aunt Catherine's death. He is my brother; it is my duty to obey him.

Cyril. (*bitterly*) Perhaps you are right, but now that you have had time to know that brother better, what do you think of him?

Edith. (*warmly*) He is all that a brother could be. He is all kindness and affection; during his illness he said that the mere touch of my hand upon his brow, was more cooling to it's fevered heat than all the medicines in England.

Cyril. And did you speak to him of me?

Edith. (*hesitating*) He will doubtless see you to-day. He is almost wholly recovered now—and Cyril, (*tearfully*) for my sake curb your pride and impetuosity, when you and my brother meet—reflect that our mutual happiness may depend upon it. There I will go now and tell Cuthbert you are here. (*going* R. 1 E.

Cyril. Stay, Edith I——— (EDITH *comes back to* CYRIL L. C.

Enter CUTHBERT FIELDING R. 3 E. EDITH *turns and sees him. Picture—chord. He stands motionless an instant then goes to* EDITH *with open arms.*

Cuth. Edith! *my sister!* Do you not know me?

Edith. (*recoiling to* CYRIL) Cyril, what does this mean? Who is this?

Cyril. (L. C.) Edith, this man calls himself your brother.

(EDITH *utters a cry of disgust and regards him with haughty stare.*

Cuth. (*appealingly*) Look at me! Can I be so utterly changed, that you do not see in my face your brother's features?

Enter ANDREW R. 1 E., *stands* R. H., *listens.*

Cyril. Edith, this man came to me and stated himself to be Cuthbert Fielding. He charges that he who now stands recognized by you and by the law as Cuthbert Fielding, is an impostor whose real name is Lucian Glyre.

Edith. Impossible!

Cyril. Yet hear him, is it not as possible that the impostor came first as that he came second? (*to* CUTHBERT) State your own case.

Cuth. Edith, only hear me, this man was my comrade during two years of my wild wanderings abroad. I told him the story of my life in its fullest details; he left me in the desert of Australia, as he thought dead. I had intrusted with him my journal—my letters—all, and he promised to come here and acquaint you and our aunt with my sad death. When I arrived here I found him in possession of my name—my inheritance—accepted master of Fielding Manor. This is the truth so help me heaven.

Edith. (*after slight pause*) I do not believe it, no, I cannot believe it. (*turns to* CYRIL L. C.) Oh, Cyril, Cyril! how could you do this!

Cyril. Your thoughts wrong me, Edith, it is not from animosity to the one that I would have you listen to the other.

Edith. (*half aside*) No, no! such audacity is beyond belief.

Cyril. Surely, it is not harder to believe in one man than in another?

Cuth. Only bring me face to face with Lucian Glyre. (*passionately looking around*) Ah! it seems to me that those very walls should know me, that these portraits should bear witness to the blood in my veins. Edith, surely there is—there must be some one yet living in this household who—(*pause, sees* ANDREW R. H., *eagerly*) Are you not Andrew?

Andrew. (*slowly*) Yes, you are right, I'm Andrew.

Cuth. Look at me well. Don't you know me?

Andrew. (*after looking at him*) I—I don't know the face, but your voice sounds familiar to my old ears.

Cuth. (*eagerly to* EDITH) You see! You see! (*to* ANDREW) Oh, old man try and recollect—in heaven's name, try——

Andrew. (*slowly shaking his head*) No—no—I can't.

Edith. (*triumphantly to* CYRIL) You hear?

Cuth. Wait, wait! (*grasping* ANDREW'S *arm*) Don't you recollect the "Master Cuthbert" who used to steal out from his lessons to go coasting and fishing, while you kept watch to save him from detection?

Andrew. (*starts puts his hand to his head*) Yes, yes, I remember, Master Cuthbert—oh, yes. (*pause*) But he's up stairs.†

Cuth. (*who has been sure of being recognized a moment before now is almost disheartened*) Oh, do you not recollect the day father found us out and I hid away in the willows, and was caught suspended on a bough? How father laughed, and how I escaped punishment?

Andrew. (*quickly*) Yes, yes. (*then pausing*) But the other "Master Cuthbert" remembers that too.

Cuth. (*with a groan*) Ah! this is terrible. (*turns to* EDITH) That anecdote was in my journal, that is where Lucian Glyre learned it. (*appealing to* EDITH) Oh, *can* you not remember me? (EDITH *hides her face in her hands*)

Edith. Oh, I am too puzzled, too bewildered even to think.

Cyril. Edith, remember that Nina Chauncy also called this man Lucian Glyre.

Edith. (*quickly*) But he admitted that he had assumed that name. (*drawing up proudly*) No, no! I was right at first, such audacity is impossible.

Cuth. It is real! Remember, remember Edith that these very lands of Fielding Manor were once drenched by the blood of thousands who accepted a living pretender for the dead heir of England himself.

Cyril. Nor has our nation yet ceased to ring by an excitement caused by an imposture simular to this, and so clever that the best jurists in England were puzzled and divided and half the realm yet half believe the impostor to be the true man.

Cuth. Oh, Edith—oh, my sister is their no mysterious language by which soul may speak to soul? Edith, I am your brother; I cry out to you now from the depths of my suffering and despair. You cannot refuse to hear me—you will not! Yes, I swear to you that I am Cuthbert, your brother Cuthbert, by the memory of our dead mother who loved us both, and whose spirit now listens to my appeal. (EDITH *seems as if about to acknowledge him then turns away*) If your heart cannot—will not speak—then let the intelligence that your face betrays, give me at least the benefit of the doubt until I have seen this man face to face.

Cyril. Surely Edith, this is but justice.

Edith. But granting, Cyril, that either of these men are capable of such imposture—no man is capable of feigning the brotherly love that Cuthbert—yes, that Cuthbert has shown me.

Cyril. (*starting with surprise*) How?

Edith. How? In the electric touch of his hand when it meets my own in the love that lights his eyes when they rest on mine.

Cyril. Are you sure Edith, that this love springs from a *brother's* heart?

Edith. (*starting*) I—I do not understand you?

Cyril. (*with significance*) And I dare not be more explicit.

Cuth. (*exchanging looks with* CYRIL) Then let me speak. What the lover cannot say, the brother may.

Edith. Stop, sir! Mr. Garland's meaning does steal upon me. You shall have justice; if the love that this man feels for me, springs not from a brother's heart, then I will make that heart throb till it shakes the mask from his face—are you satisfied?

†L. ANDREW. CUTHBERT. EDITH. CYRIL. R.

Cyril. More than satisfied.

Cuth. Thanks Edith, and now there remains but for me to play my part.

Edith. You mean——

Cuth. I mean—will you let me see this man?

Edith. So be it. Andrew?

Andrew. Yes, Miss Edith.

Edith. Andrew, tell my brother—tell Squire Fielding, that he is waited for here; say that I wish to see him on a special matter, you understand me Andrew?

Andrew. Yes, Miss Edith. (*exit* ANDREW. 1 E.

Edith. Come, Cyril. (*she looks at* CUTHBERT *then averts her eyes,* CYRIL *goes with her to door* R. 3 E.

Cuth. (*following*) God bless you, Cyril Garland. (*offers hand.*

Cyril. (*at door*) Not yet, wait, I believe you, but wait till your truth is proven. (*exit with* EDITH R. 3 E.

CUTHBERT *retires up stage* L. H., *as* GLYRE *enters* R. 1 E.

Glyre. (*looking around*) I thought Edith was here: I cannot bear to have her away from my side a moment. (*seats himself at table* L. C.) When I do not hear her voice the very silence seems to threaten me. This passion of mine grows worse and worse—still I have it well under control now, there can be no doubt on that point. Edith must have gone to some other apartment, there is no one here.

Cuth. (*coming down* R. C.) You are mistaken, Lucian Glyre, I am here. (*Picture—chord.*

Glyre. (*starting up*) You! who are you?

Cuth. Look and see!

Glyre. (*gasping*) Great heaven! I must be mad—it—it is some illusion of course, yes, yes, of course!

Cuth. (*quietly*) It is Cuthbert Fielding.

Glyre. (*staggering*) I—left—you—for—dead. What—what does this mean? You were saved?

Cuth. (*composedly*) I was saved. (GLYRE *has by this time partly recovered himself gives chair to* CUTHBERT *who in turn points to chair*) After you. I am at home here.

Glyre. (*seating himself*) As you will.

Cuth. (R. C., *reproachfully*) Oh, Glyre, Glyre! How could you do this thing?

Glyre. Do not ask me yet, give me time. How were you saved?

Cuth. The collapse into which I had fallen was of the sort which sometimes manifests itself in violent cases of bush-plague. I knew nothing for days afterwards, then I awoke and I found that I had owed my life to the very scoundrels who had wished to murder me for my gold; my death could bring them no profit, and so like the queer mixture of villiany and humanity that so many of them are, they had actually nursed and saved me. Of course being penniless I had but one way of getting back to England. I had been a sailor before, and after almost starving in Melbourne, I obtained a sailor's position on a vessel bound for England. I arrived in this very village by a strange fatality only a few hours after your own arrival; what I heard simply stunned me at first—I saw the whole hideous deception in its true shameless colors. I walked to the Manor afterwards, and was refused admittance by the servants; since then I have waited for a chance to meet you face to face.

Glyre. And are you here wholly without means?

Cuth. Not wholly so. Mr. Garland my sister's affianced husband, has kindly provided me with some little money.

Glyre. (*aside*) Curse him! (*looking steadily at* CUTHBERT) Well, Stanley, what can I do for you?

Cuth. First explain your presence here.

Glyre: (*rises and goes to each door and returns*) When I left you as I firmly believed dead, I left you with a firm determination to execute your last wishes; before I reached Melbourne, I was stricken down with the bush-plague, caught probably from yourself.

Cuth. Go on. You recovered I suppose from your illness and then carried out your plan of betrayal?

Glyre. No, for during the intermediate delirium of that fever, I saw but one vision. During its fitful sleep I dreamed but one dream—I was no longer Lucian Glyre, the adventurer, without a home, even without a country. I was Cuthbert Fielding of Fielding Manor; all that you had told me of you and yours buried itself into my brain as part of my own experience, nor did this end with my illness. When reason returned with returning health, I fought vainly against the temptation those repeated dreams still suggested. My ambition whispered to me, that if I yielded, I could do you no wrong for you were dead. The more I struggled against the idea, the stronger it became—I was dazzled by the splendor of the deceit even while arguing against it; I was moved by the very audacity required to accomplish it and—and so—well I yielded as you have seen. (*they both rise.*

Cuth. And what do you intend to do now?

Glyre. (L. C.) What do you propose?

Cuth. (R. C., *indignantly*) Propose! You presume to ask me what I propose? Why, that you tell the truth that for the deception you have practiced upon me and mine you be punished by the law for this stupendous felony.

Glyre. (*huskily*) The law!

Cuth. Yes, the law! which Lucian Glyre—by statutes passed in this very reign—

Glyre. Stop, stop! Consider our friendship.

Cuth. (*scornfully*) Friendship! do not profane the word, let there be no sham sentiment of this sort if you please. That friendship whose memory you invoked only serves to deepen the crime commited against one whom you thought powerless in the grave.

Glyre. (*baffled*) Then do you mean to tell me that you will listen to no compromise? accept no——

Cuth. Compromise? The very word is an insult.

Glyre. (*folding his arms and between his teeth*) I think you overlook one important matter.

Cuth. What do I overlook?

Glyre. Where are your proofs?

Cuth. What proofs?

Glyre. (*with a shrug*) Pshaw! you are trifling with me, the proofs that you are Cuthbert Fielding, of course.

Cuth. (*contemptuously*) And you dare to ask me this question? Trickster that you are, have you not stolen my proofs?

Glyre. (*calmly*) Then you admit that you have no means of establishing your identity?

Cuth. You are my only means. Will you dare deny your imposture?

Glyre. I most cerainly shall.

Cuth. In the face of my living self?

Glyre. In the face of your living self.

Cuth. Ah! this is monstrous, but I might have expected it—the man whose brain would have conceived such a villiany as the present one, must have a heart flinty enough to give him no after remorse. (CUTHBERT *starts towards* GLYRE *as if to strike him then let's his arm fall*) Thus far Glyre, I have been wonderfully tolerant with you; I have waited until your recovery before seeking you. Perhaps during our present interview a certain pity for the weakness you have confessed, has even swayed me more than it should have done, though all the while I felt certain that you were a man with a callous conscience, a crafty soul. Hundreds of recollections have returned to me of late; I see now by what subtle means you deceived me

as to your true character while we were comrades abroad. But enough of this—I now have little more to say, it is simply that you must at once restore to me my name and my inheritance or receive perhaps a worse punishment than that which will already fall upon you.

Glyre. (*hoarsely*) Threats are dangerous—most dangerous when applied to me.

Cuth. (*going to bell pull* R. H.) We shall see.

Glyre. Stop!

Cuth. (*turning*) Stop?

Glyre. (C.) Yes, for I tell you that the sound you shall evoke will be your own death knell as Cuthbert Fielding and that forever.

Cuth. (*ringing bell*) We shall see!

Enter ANDREW, R. 3 E.

Glyre. (*speaking before* CUTHBERT *gets a chance*) The bailiff came to-day with the monthly returns. He is waiting for me; send him to me instantly, and then summon all the household likewise.

Andrew. Yes, sir. (*exit* R. 3 E.

Glyre. (*calmly to* CUTHBERT L. C.) I am sorry to do this, but self-preservation is every man's master.

Cuth. (*aghast*) What would you do?

Glyre. Decide at once and forever who is Cuthbert Fielding.

Enter EDITH *and* CYRIL, R. 3 E.

Glyre. (*speaks to* CYRIL *sneeringly*) Mr. Garland, I am then indebted to you for the visit of this insolent impostor—may I ask whether you believe his story?

Cyril. (*firmly*) I do believe it.

Glyre. You then look upon me, as a false claimant?

Cyril. I do!

Glyre. Candor is at least a virtue, but you will be good enough, sir, to recollect one thing—however you may doubt my right to call myself Cuthbert Fielding, that right at present exists, and the first way that I shall now endeavor to enforce it is by ordering you to leave *my* house.

Cyril. (R. C., *with dignity*) I cannot refuse to go, sir. You are certainly in posession here, there can be no doubt of that. (*turns to* EDITH *and extends his hands, as she is about to take them* GLYRE *speaks*)

Glyre. (L. C.) Edith as your brother, I forbid you to take the hands of that man.

Pause—music tremolo till curtain. EDITH *hesitates then slowly obeys* GLYRE.

Cyril. I understand, I do not blame you, Edith; my feelings that this man is not your brother is an instinct nothing more. I cannot account for it, if *you* do not believe him an impostor, you are right in obeying him.

Glyre. Go, sir! Go at once, or my lackeys shall force you to retire.

Cyril. (*proudly*) There is not a servant in the Manor, whom you could hire to touch me. I have played here as a child and have been welcomed here ever since by every true Fielding. Ah! what is this?

Enter BAILIFF *and* SERVANTS R. 3 E. GLYRE *writes warrant.*

Glyre. (L. C., *pointing to* CUTHBERT) Arrest that man!

Bailiff. (C.) Yes, sir. The warrant?

Glyre. (*handing it*) It is here—tell the receiving officer that this man is charged with felony under the "False personation act."

Bailiff. Your honor, at whose instance?

Glyre. At mine! At the instance of Cuthbert Fielding, Squire and Magistrate.

Cuth. (*springing towards him*) Scoundrel!

BAILIFF *and* SERVANTS *interfere. Picture—curtain.*

SERVANT. CUTHBERT. SERVANT. GLYRE.
ANDREW. BAILIFF. EDITH. CYRIL.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Drawing-room at Fielding Manor. Door C.; *set door* R. 3 E.; *chair* R. 2 E.; *two chairs* R. C. *and* L. C.; *table* L. 3 E.; *chair* L. 2 E. EDITH *and* REBECCA *discovered seated.*

Rebecca. (L. C.) As for Abercrombie, his behavior has been cowardly to the last degree.

Edith. (L. C., *surprised*) Cowardly? What did he do?

Rebecca. Do? Why, he let them carry pa off!

Edith. Dear Rebecca, you talk about the Misses Maitland, as if they were two panthers.

Rebecca. (*fuming*) They're worse! They're tigresses! They've got him in their claws, and instead of eating him they're going to marry him.

Edith. (*laughing*) Not both surely!

Rebecca. (*almost crying*) How can you laugh at my misery? You don't sympathise with me one bit—you'd just as soon see me bullied by a step-mother as not—dragged around the room by the hair of my head. There's nobody cares for me—nobody—you and Abercrombie, both laugh in your sleeves at me when you ought to fight for me, tooth and nail.

Enter ABERCROMBIE R. 3 E., *rather warm and excited.* EDITH *busies herself with her fancy-work, and* REBECCA *picks up book from table* L. C., *and pretends to be very busy reading, paying no attention whatever to* ABERCROMBIE.

Aber. (*putting hands in pocket, comically*) Well, Rebecca, has the stray lamb returned? (REBECCA *pays no attention*) Humph! What have I done? Didn't I aid you in that awful falsehood you told Miss Eugenia? It gives me a cold chill now when I think of the disgraceful perjury I committed, and just to please a whim of yours. By Jove! It's too bad the way I'm treated—a poodle has a much better time, for he now and then gets a sugar plum instead of a kick. But I receive nothing but kicks—I know what I'll do, I'll go up to London. (*takes out watch*) Let's see, there's a train at quarter after three; I'll have time to catch it.

REBECCA *still continues reading,* ABERCROMBIE *paces stage, whistling mournfully. Enter* GENERAL R. 3 E.—REBECCA *sees him and instantly drops book and comes down* L. C.

Rebecca. (*scornfully*) Well, pa; so you have returned?

General. (*bluntly*) Yes, Miss, I've returned and you'll please understand that I return a new character—henceforth I am to be master in my own house, and not a puppet whose wires are to be pulled according to your willful whims.

Rebecca. (*moaning*) Pa, I have only this to say—if you marry either of the Misses Maitland—I—I shall go into a convent.

General. It's the only sort a *veil* you deserve. (*laughing at his own joke he starts to go*)

Rebecca. Are you going to pay a visit, pa?

General. Yes!

Aber. (*scornfully*) Not to the Misses Maitland, I hope, General?

General. (*reddening up*) What is that to you sir?

Aber. (*solemnly*) It is a great deal to your daughter, if not to me, sir. Your attention to those ladies, makes her believe——

General. (*furiously*) Who cares what she believes, or you either? I am the master of my own affairs if you please. (*shaking finger at* ABERCROMBIE) I forgave you for aiding Rebecca yesterday in that horrible libel against my sanity. But beware, sir! for I will not forgive you a second time.

Aber. (L. C.) I cannot see you make yourself ridiculous at your advanced age.

General. What do you mean?

Aber. I mean that you are going to elope this day. You look it—you are strangely excited—you scarcely ate a morsel of breakfast this morning. Tell me General, am I not right?

General. (*roaring*) Confound you! my doings are none of your business. (ABERCROMBIE *sizes his coat sleeve*) Let go my sleeve, sir! How dare you? How dare you—I say?

Aber. (*keeping hold of him*) In mercy's name, think of Rebecca, you'll kill her if you do it.

General. (*raising his cane*) Get out if my way or I'll break your meddlesome head for you.

Aber. I don't care whether you break my head or not. (*valorously*) It's Rebecca's heart that I don't want you to break.

GENERAL *raises cane and makes blow at* ABERCROMBIE *who dodges first blow but receives second on his head—a general scuffle ensues.* ABERCROMBIE *gets* GENERAL'S *wig, and with a triumphant cry, he breaks away from him.*

Aber. (L. C.) Ah, ah! You can't get married without this!

General. (L. C., *putting his hat on over his ears*) We'll see! We'll see! (*strides off furiously* R. 3 E.

Rebecca. (*running after him*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! Pa! Pa!

Aber. (*stands an instant examining wig then follows*) Rebecca! Stop! Stop! (*exit* R. 3 E.

EDITH *stands laughing looking after them.* GLYRE *enters* R. 1 E.—EDITH *sees him and comes down.*

Edith. (L. C.) Cuthbert I have been so worried about you, I feared——

Glyre. (*looking sharply at her*) Well, what did you fear, Edith?

Edith. (*faltering*) Ah, Cuthbert! I—I was afraid that you and Cyril had met.

Glyre. (*turning away*) We have met.

Edith. (*alarmed*) Oh, you do not mean that there has been any fresh quarrel?

Glyre. Edith, I mean this—Cyril Garland, is an unprincipled knave.

Edith. (*quickly*) Oh, no—no! You wrong him; he is at least acting from honest conviction.

Glyre. Ah! so you uphold him?

Edith. (*quickly*) You have no right te say that. Has not my own conduct shown that I do not share his doubts?

Glyre. (*going to her and taking her hands*) If you my sister, do not stand by me, how can I hope that any one will do so?

Edith. (*promptly*) Have I not told you that I believe you to be my brother?

Glyre. Edith, Listen to me. I visited this man, John Stanley, in jail where he was lawfully confined; I wished to try and rouse some dormant good in the man, to show him in clear colors the villainous part he is playing. It seems that Cyril was concealed in Stanley's cell while I made my exhortation, I did not know of his presence until afterward, but when I had finished speaking he burst forth upon me and declared that he would publish to the world a statement that should convince me of having confessed my name as Lucian Glyre, and not Cuthbert Fielding.

Edith. (*faintly*) Can it be possible?

Glyre. It is the truth. When I asked him in amazement on what spoken words of mine he would base his charge, the man simply laughed and said that he should have no difficulty in preparing an accusation which many would implicity believe. Oh, Edith! it has now become merely a question whether you admit Cyril Garland to be a knave—or—or whether you believe *me*, your brother, to be a vile impostor.

Edith. (*after pause*) Cyril Garland is dead to me, forever!

Glyre. (*eagerly*) You swear it?

GLYRE *forgets himself seizes her in his arms and kisses her passionately,* EDITH *struggles and shrinks away from him, flushing*—GLYRE *is very much frightened.*

Edith. What—what does this mean?

Glyre. (*recovering himself*) I do not understand you, Edith, *my sister*. Is it strange that I your *brother* should feel my brotherly heart glow toward you with a new affection when I hear you confess to the loyalty of a true Fielding? to being your father's own daughter, and worthy of a name which no treachery has ever soiled for nine long centuries?

GLYRE *starts and goes to* R. 1 E.—EDITH *follows him and throws herself into his arms.*

Edith. Cuthbert, forgive me!

GLYRE *embraces her tenderly and exits* R. 1 E. CYRIL *enters* R. 3 E., *and comes to* EDITH *who stands near* R. 3 E.

Cyril. Edith!

Edith. (*turning quickly, confused*) I—I did not expect——

Cyril. To find me here—I know it, but now that I have come, now that we have met face to face—I—I must speak of the note you recently sent me. Edith Fielding, do you believe that I have dealt in gross falsehood?

Edith. (*hesitating*) I—I do believe it. (*turns away.*

Cyril. (L. C., *appealingly*) Oh, Edith, you have known me from childhood, how can you believe that I am capable of soiling my lips with a lie? However, the man who calls himself your brother, may have deceived you regarding what occurred last night in prison.

Edith. (R. C., *haughtily*) Do not speak of what occurred last night in the prison.

Cyril. Listen Edith—only listen. That man entered the cell not dreaming that I was there, the light was dim, the man whom I *knew* to be your brother had retired into an adjoining apartment. Lucian Glyre saw a form near the table—its face was hidden, he mistook it for the face of Cuthbert Fielding—it was I. He drew near and there in the dimness spoke words that made me certain of his real identity. He offered your brother a bribe of enormous amount if he would agree to call himself John Stanley and not Cuthbert Fielding. I heard it all, and when I arose to denounce him he shrank back in self-convicted guilt. This is as true as heaven itself—I, Cyril tell it to you. I would give my life Edith a hundred times rather than speak any falsehood in your hearing, you know that I am proud; you must feel what it cost me to humble myself thus even before you after having re-

ceived from you this degrading accusation of falsity. But why do I so humble myself? It is to save you, darling—to save you and to serve you.

EDITH *stands* R. C., *with drooping head during this appeal.*

Edith. (*slowly lifting her head*) You—you want me to believe this?

Cyril. (L. C.) I demand it—I demand it in the name of the love you once swore to me!

Edith. (*after slight pause*) Cyril, I do believe it. (*falls into his arms.*

Enter NINA R. 3 E.

Nina. Edith!

Edith. (*amazed*) Nina Chauncy!

Nina. Yes, it is I—you thought me far away, did you not?

Edit.. (*coldly*) Yes, and why have you returned?

Nina I have returned because the oath that I swore to Lucian Glyre, is canceled. He offered to restore me my child, Edith, if I would go from here and torment him no more. I did go, but on reaching London my anxiety to learn something of my poor darling, made me telegraph to America, the answer came that my boy was dead; he died of scarlet fever two months ago. For sometime I had remained in London utterly overwhelmed by the shock, but now my strength permits, I have returned.

Edith. And for what purpose?

Nina. To tell you that this man is *not* your brother. Oh, Edith! you will you *must* listen to me.

Edith. Go! I do not believe you. I have heard the whole story of your past life from my brother--I know how you deceived him, betrayed him.

Nina. It is false. Oh, Edith! in the name of your poor dead aunt, I implore——

Enter CUTHBERT, *unobserved.*

Edith. Do not insult me by reference to Aunt Catherine when you are seeking that I shall give ear to slanderous untruths. Once more I bid you leave this house forever! (*pointing to door.*

Nina. She believes him still—oh, this is horrible.

(*covers her face with her hands.*

Cyril. (*coming down*) Edith——

Edith. (*irresolute*) I—I did not expect—(*sees* CUTHBERT, *goes to him with outstretched arms*) Cuthbert, my brother, forgive me.

Cuth. (C., *embracing her*) Edith! I do forgive you unreservedly. Yours has been a hard position, I know you have acted only as your truthful impulses compelled you to act, I bear no ill feeling, and trust that the future may clearly show to you how loving and sincere is my pardon.

EDITH *turns to* NINA *and they embrace.*

Edith. I am convinced at last, I cannot doubt any longer. Ah! Nina, how churlishly stubborn you must have thought me.*

Nina. Do not think of that now, it is all passed, I shall forget that our friendship has ever been broken by a single adverse ripple. And now let us consult as to your future course—there is no time to be lost.

Edith. (*helplessly*) What can I do?

Nina. (*solemnly*) You may unveil this hideous impostor if you choose.

Edith. If I choose?

Nina. Yes, I mean if you have the will and courage.

Edith. (*amazed*) Explain!

Nina. I will—Edith, Lucian Glyre loves you.

Edith. Oh, yes, it *must*, be true; you are right, there have been, times certain signs—I—I cannot mistake them now, though I did so then.

*CUTHBERT. NINA. EDITH. CYRIL.

Cyril. Edith, I believe that this love is providential, I guessed it before. You know what made me guess it? Instinct!

Edith. Instinct?

Cyril. Yes, the instinct that to every lover's heart reveals its rival.

Edith. Ah! you said this before.

Cuth. And you Edith, promised to test the truth of that assertion. I remember your words very clearly, my sister, I have reasons to remember them, they were these—"If the love this man feels for me springs not from a brother's heart, I'll make that heart throb till it shakes the mask from his face."

Edith. (*trembling*) It is true, these were my words. (*to* CYRIL) Cyril, I could not feign for one who is not even my brother, a love like—like—

Cyril. (*putting arm around her*) Like the love you feel for me my darling. Oh, I will love you all the better for that, Edith, and believe me it is the only way now left us to arrive at the truth.

Edith. (*shivering*) The only way?

Nina. The only way. Your aunt's death, and the infirmity of Andrew, leaves but one witness whose testimony can unmask this man.

Edith. (*agitated*) And that witness?

Nina. That witness is *himself.*

Cuth. Yes, and the only counsel that can wring confession from him is ourself.

Edith. But the task is so terrible—so difficult for me.

Cuth. (*hurriedly*) Your task is not so hard after all for he will not see the web or understand the lure.

Edith. (*clasping her hands*) But I don't know what to do, what to say, how to speak.

Cyril. Speak to him Edith—yes, speak to him—*as you would speak to me.*

Edith. (*hiding her face in her hands*) Oh, Cyril!

Cyril. (*after a struggle with himself*) Edith, I ask it for the sake of yonder suffering man, whom you, his sister may save from worse suffering still. I ask it for the sake of your noble ancestry, whose historic glories should not thus be stolen by a trickster, like a purse by a thief. I ask it in the name of your dead mother whose true son you are dooming to poverty, perhaps to life long imprisonment, while the traitor usurps his birth-right. (*slight pause*) I ask it in the name of the very love I bear you, and that which you feel for me. Oh, Edith, consent! in mercy to us all consent!

Edith. (*throwing up her head with flashing eyes*) Plead with me no more, Cyril. I *will* do it.

Cuth. (*aside*) Thank heaven!

Cyril. He will tell you all if you lead him to it by slow and sure degrees, at least, this is our hope.

Edith. (*thoughtfully*) Still—it may fail.

Cyril. True, but that mainly depends upon—upon—

Edith. Myself. (*firmly*) I will do my best I promise you all. (*going* R. 1 E.) But oh! it all seems so hazardous.

Nina. (*going to her and comfortingly*) You know the old proverb, "Nothing ventured"—and we have so much to gain, think of that.

Edith. Oh, I do think of that.

(*She leans on* NINA *and they slowly exit* R. 1 E. CUTHBERT *and* CYRIL *exit* L. H.
Enter REBECCA *and* ABERCROMBIE R. 3 E.

Rebecca. I want to have a talk with Edith; I want to ask her advice about this horrid affair, and then too she is in trouble. That matter of a new claimant to the Fielding property having suddenly arisen is making a great stir through the country; my maid Ellen tells me, that everybody is discussing it. (*leading* L. C.

Aber. (*dryly*) Yes, I see—you have two motives for coming over to the Manor—one is despair—the other is—ahem—curiosity.

Rebecca. (*snapishly*) Abercrombie, if you mean to indulge in any of your languid impudence, I'll send you home.

Aber. (*innocently*) Why, what on earth do you mean? I hadn't the least idea——

Rebecca. (*breaking in*) I didn't say you had—oh, dear, don't think that I ever accused you of anything so valuable as an idea in all your lazy life. But you know how to be impertinent—to poke fun at me when I have a—(*pathetically*)—a bleeding heart.

Aber. (*drawling*) Oh, don't mind it, let it bleed—it will do you good. I say Rebecca, if your father is to be married this morning, don't you think that duty commands you to appear at the ceremony. (REBECCA *groans*) The General wont have any body to give him away, you know. He can't *give himself away* can he?

Rebecca. No! But he can *throw himself away*, and that is precisely what he is doing. (ABERCROMBIE *is walking up and down stage*) For charity's sake, do sit down, you make me nervous.

Aber. Oh, you're so irritable.

Rebecca. *You* would irritate a saint. (*solemnly*) Have I not renounced you forever?

Aber. Goodness me, you're always doing that. But Rebecca I can't allow myself to be renounced, that's the worst of it—I only wish I could. (*tragically*) Is the needle responsible for pointing toward the pole? Can the bee give a lucid explanation *why* it hovers about the rose?

Rebecca. (*partly softened*) But you promised to restrain pa, and you allowed him to slip through your fingers.

Aber. (*in hollow base tones*) Rebecca, have you observed that since my meeting with your parent this morning, I have thus far remained covered in your presence?

Rebecca. (*indifferently*) I've observed nothing at all about you.

(*not looking up.*

Aber. Gaze, unfeeling girl—gaze, and repent. (ABERCROMBIE *takes off hat and shows patch of brown paper on head*—REBECCA *rises up in startled manner.*

Rebecca. What do you mean?

Aber. (*tragically*) Don't you smell a strong odor of vinegar?

Rebecca. No.

Aber. (L. C.) The spartan boy of old concealed a wolf beneath his tunic; I, a more modern martyr have worn brown paper and vinegar for three mortal hours beneath my hat. Rebecca, I won't horrify you with a sight of the awful bump that the revered stick of your infernal father—no, I mean the infernal stick of your revered father, this morning raised upon my devoted head.

Rebecca. (*going to him*) Oh, poor Abby, to think that you had to stand such shameful treatment.

Aber. (*drawing out* GENERAL'S *wig from pocket*) I have gained one trophy, it was torn from the enemy as he fled.

Rebecca. (*siezing wig*) Well, there's one comfort, he won't dare to get married without it.

Aber. I thought so at first, but I've changed my mind, Rebecca. He'll tell his intended bride that we've scalped him, and like Desdemona, she'll love him all the more for his *hair breadths escapes.*

Enter GENERAL, MARGARETTA *and* EUGENIA, R. 3 E. REBECCA *runs to* GENERAL *and puts on his wig.*

Rebecca. There pa, now that you are yourself again, tell me, are you married?

General. (*casting sly looks at* MARGARETTA) Yes, Miss—I—am.

Rebecca. (*wildly*) He admits it, Abercrombie? this miserable old man confesses openly that he is married. (*glancing at the sisters*) Which of you is it? (*pointing to* MARGARETTA) It's you! There's orange blossoms in your

bonnet. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day! What is to become of me?

Aber. Why, fly to these arms for protection. (*to* MARGARETTA) You intend to be a great tyrant, don't you, Miss Margaretta?

Eugenia. (*shocked*) Mrs. General Stanley—if you please.

Margaretta. Yes—Mrs. General Stanley—if you please.

General. (*to* REBECCA *blandly*) Abercrombie's advice is excellent, my dear, since my action is past recall, why not be philosophic and follow my example? Crown the happiness of your long patient adorer yonder, by consenting to become his wife—and egad if you do it—I'll—I'll settle as handsome a dowery on you as any young bride in the country has had for many a year. And be certain of one thing, Rebecca, that you will never regret it if you consent to marry Abercrombie.

GENERAL *turns and talks aside with the sisters* R. C. ABERCROMBIE *overwhelmed with joy, rushes to* REBECCA'S *side.*

Aber. No, Rebecca, as your worthy father says, you'll never forget—I mean regret it. I will fulfil toward you, my darling, every possible relation. I'll be your father, mother, uncle, aunt, your *step-mother*—

Rebecca. (*frowning*) Abercrombie! (*then cries and allows* ABERCROMBIE *to take her hand*) If I *do* accept you, it will be as a refuge—an asylum.

Aber. (*delighted*) An asylum! Don't mention it—I'll be a whole penitentiary! (*goes up* L. C., *talking with* REBECCA; GENERAL *and the two sisters down* C.

Enter EDITH R. 1 E. REBECCA *see* EDITH *and runs to her*—ABERCROMBIE *down* L. H.

Rebecca. Oh, Edith! Pa's married!

Edith. Ah! indeed. (*crosses to sisters*) Which am I to congratulate? you Eugenia?

Eugenia. (*indignantly*) Me? no indeed! (*goes up to* GENERAL C.

Margaretta. (*blushing*) Yes—no, indeed!

Edith. You Margaretta? (*goes up talking* R. C.—GENERAL *and* EUGENIA *come down.*

Eugenia. (R. L.) A common sailor claim to be the scion of the Fieldings a decendant of the Maitlands—it seems too absurd.

Margaretta. (*coming down* R. H.) Yes—too absurd.

Enter ANDREW, R. 1 E.

Andrew. Miss Edith, your Squire Fielding has returned.

Edith. (*confused*) Very well, Andrew, tell him I will see him here.

Andrew. Yes, Miss Edith. (*exit* R. 1 E.

Eugenia. (*to* EDITH) Edith, we will leave you alone with your dear brother, for we must get back to the Grange for dinner—au revoir.

Edith. Good-bye.

Exit omnes R. 3 E. *Enter* GLYRE, R 1 E.

Glyre. You wished to see me, Edith?

Edith. (*starts, then sits in arm-chair* L. C., *she gets* R. C.) I wondered where you had gone. (*softly*) You seem unusually worried, Cuthbert.

Glyre. (*seated* L. C.) Have I not reason to be? this impostor has been released on bail—Cyril Garland has helped to get him free. I have been talking with lawyers, and people of that sort; already the bitter complication have begun, who can tell how much trouble may follow? Oh, it is a most wretched affair. (*pause.*

Edith. (*putting her hand in his*) Still Cuthbert, he cannot turn you from your rightful place so long as he fails to prove that you are not my brother, and—am I not by your side?

Glyre. (*passionately*) And what sorrow has it not cost *you,* surrendering

the man you love? For as I told you, it is he, Cyril Garland, who has procured this impostor's bail.

Edith. (*looking down, with dreamy tone*) I supposed so when I heard this morning that he had been released—but don't think of me.

Glyre. Not think of *you*, Edith; can I help thinking of the struggle your heart must be enduring between your duty to me, and your love for him.

(*pause.*

Edith. (*with feeling*) The struggle has been less painful than you think, Cuthbert. (*rises.*

Glyre. (*starting up eagerly*) What—what do you mean? Do—do you not love Cyril Garland, still?

Edith. I—I don't know, Cuthbert—a great change has come over me of late—it seems as if—as if I—I scarcely know myself.

Glyre. (*terribly agitated*) And—and you can renounce him, without pain?

Edith. It—it seems to me—that I—I could do anything for your sake, that I could dispense with any other love, as long as I have yours. I don't know why, Cuthbert, (*clasping her hands*) but yours is the only love my heart seems now to yearn for—to crave: I want no other love so long as I have yours.

Glyre. (*going to her, agitated*) My love, Edith? Mine? Can my love compensate you for—for——

Edith. (*turning suddenly to him*) Yes, and yours only. I can't explain why, but if you will remain near me in the future, I shall be more than contented, I shall care nothing for Cyril's loss.

Glyre. But think, you will go into the world—see younger men—be admired—sought after—and in time—you—you will—marry——

Edith. Never! I will devote myself only to you.

GLYRE *catches her in his arms and kisses her passionately on the lips, he forgets himself entirely.*

Glyre. (*with fierce joy*) And I—Edith—I will be your adorer—your slave. (*suddenly remembers himself and releases her from his embrace—aside*) Heavens what have I done? What have I said?

Edith. (*faltering*) Cuthbert, I do not understand you—you have roused strange feelings—misgivings.

Glyre. Misgivings? Of what?

Edith. (*putting her hand to her head in a puzzled way*) I hardly know—I dare not guess. (*piteously*) Tell me I am wrong! Tell me it is some delusion! The truth!

Glyre. (*trembling*) The truth?

Edith. Yes, the truth! In pity to *me* the truth, you know my meaning—the truth! (*she stretches forth her arms appealingly to him. He loses himself entirely and goes on recklessly*)

Glyre. You shall have the truth cost what it may, Edith! *I am not your brother.* (*Music tremolo till curtain.*

Edith. Then you—are——

Glyre. *I am Lucian Glyre!*

Edith. Thank heaven! (*clasping her hands.*

Glyre. (*recklessly*) Yes, thank heaven! I am Lucian Glyre—let all go, so that I keep your love. I will reinstate your brother—give up all—beg his pardon, if he refuses it, I will wring millions for you from nature's coffers in that wild Australian land. Oh! how gladly—how proudly I will work for you! (*pausing suddenly*) But you—you turn from me, you shudder, Edith, why—why is this?

Enter CYRIL, CUTHBERT *and* NINA L. H. REBECCA, ABERCROMBIE, GENERAL? MARGARETTA, EUGENIA *and* OFFICER, R. 3 E. ANDREW, R. 1 E.

Cyril. At last! (*to* OFFICER) Officer, do your duty.

EDITH *goes to* CYRIL, *and* OFFICER *slowly goes to* GLYRE *who stands motionless* C., *with folded arms, gazing reproachfully at* EDITH.

Glyre. (C., *solemnly*) The noblest emotion that ever filled a man's breast, proves my ruin. One moment Edith Fielding, had you truly loved me that love would have been my redemption—my salvation, and when in after years you recall what I now utter, may it's memory soften your heart toward me—a little—only a little. (*gives away to his feelings and then proudly recovers himself and turns to* OFFICER) Officer, do your duty!

(*Music increases to ff.*

OFFICER. GLYRE.

NINA. CUTHBERT. EDITH. CYRIL. ANDREW.

EUGENIA. MARGARETTA. GENERAL. REBECCA. ABERCROMBIE.

PICTURE. CURTAIN.

—o—

RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

The Spy of Atlanta.

A grand military allegory in 6 acts, by A. D Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occured during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with the most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will *draw*, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

ACT 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

ACT 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

ACT 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

ACT 5th. Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

ACT 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

Price, 25 cents per copy.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

An entirely new and original Nautical and Temperance Drama, by the Amateur's favorite author, W. Henri Wilkins, entitled

THE TURN OF THE TIDE,

OR

WRECKED IN PORT.

There is no doubt but Mr. Wilkins is at this time the most popular writer of plays for Amateur Dramatic Companies in the United States, if not in the world. He is the author of Rock Allen the Orphan, Three Glasses a Day, The Reward of Crime, Mother's Fool, The Coming Man, etc., all of which have been produced by nearly all amateur companies in the United States and Canada. We take much pleasure in presenting now his latest and best drama as above, knowing that it will invariably suit all who purchase it. The characters embrace an old man, 1st. and 2d leading men, villain, two ruffians, and a 'nigger' who is very funny. Those who have produced 'Out in the Streets' will find 'Pepper' in this play, fully as funny as 'Pete' in that. Female characters are a fault-finding old woman, leading, juvenile, and a splendid comedy. The plot is simple, and yet very effective. The serious portions are balanced by the comedy ones, indeed it is the drama Amateurs want. See synopsis below. Price 15c each. Send one cent postage stamps if possible, or 2s

---

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles bui t on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entranco of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—Th meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werr curis" dream—Capt St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky think she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

HAL HAZARD, OR THE FEDERAL SPY.

A Military Drama of the late war of the Rebellion, in four acts,
BY FRED. G. ANDREWS.

This drama is a great success and is published now for the first time, from the author's original manuscript. There has been a demand for a play which could be used by Grand Army Posts, Military Companies, etc., which would be effective, and yet not difficult to represent. This want Hal Hazard will supply.

It has eight male characters and three female. A few soldiers both U. S. and C. S., may be used, but there is no elaborate drills or difficult stage business to try the patience of the manager. It takes from 1¾ to 2 hours to present it.

The leading character is a double one—"George Clarendon," who assumes the character of "Old Hal" a very deaf and shrewed old man, who is equally at home in the Confederate or Federal Camp. As the Spy he is always on hand at the proper time, and always comes out ahead in all places where his services are needed. The other characters are all good, consisting of a Captain and Lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and four Confederates. Generals Sherman, Stoneman and Garrard are represented, but may be omitted if desired. There is also an excellent Leading Lady, Old Woman and Negro Comedy Woman.

Those who order and produce this play will be more than pleased.—Price 25c.

"Simply Immense!" is the verdict of every company which produces it, and every one who reads it! Two hours of continual screams of laughter!! The funniest of all modern comedies, entitled

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY,

OR, A DOCTOR WITHOUT A DIPLOMA.

BY MALCOLM S. TAYLOR.

There is always a demand for a Play which is funny, and written in such a way as to be easily represented as regards scenery, and not to difficult in its representation. This comedy will be found all that is desired. The following is a description of the characters:

C. Crotchet,.....*a retired merchant, sick in the spleen*
B. Frizzy,.....*a barber addicted to punning and scrapes*
Dr. G. Linton,.....*a practical physician, troubled with patients*
L. Staple,.....*a young merchant, subject to bashfulness*
Clarence,.....*a student, inclined to ale*
John Henry,.....*a man servant, complaining of nothing to do*
I. Seizer,.....*a constable, used to take away bad effects*
Mrs. Crotchet,.....*an invalid, ill with nervousness*
Daisy, her daughter, }
Dolly, her neice, } .....*both affected with a disease of the heart, called love*
Dorothy,.....*a maiden aunt, afflicted with deafness, knitting, and a poodle dog*
Betty,.....*a maid servant, suffering out of sympathy for Frizzy*

Each one of the above characters is worthy the talent of the best Comedy representatives, either in or out of the Profession. Amateurs especially will find the Play eminently suited to their wants. It is in four acts, each act consisting of only one scene. The costumes modern, and scenes all interiors, enabling companies with a limited stock of scenery to produce it easily. Nothing like a description of the ludicrous and laughable situations can be given here—but we can truly assure our friends that nearly every speech is the signal for roars of laughter and rounds of applause. If you want something pathetic don't send for it, but if you desire fun from the rise of the curtain on the first act, till its fall on the last act, you may be snre of not being disappointed if you order this. Price 15 cents per copy.

HINTS TO AMATEURS. by A. D. Ames.

—x—

A book of useful information for Amateurs and others, written expressly for those who are giving public entertainments—and who wish to make their efforts successful—containing much information never before given. Mr. Ames has had many years experience, and in this work gives many hints which cannot fail to be of great benefit to all. The following subjects are treated in a clear and concise manner:

The effects of the drama on the mind—The dramatic club a means of charity—Useful hints—Necessity of a book of plain instructions—Formation of a dramatic company—Duties of the manager—Assigning parts—Duty of the prompter—Duty of the property man—Music for plays—Rehearsals—Hints—Best methods of studying—Stage laughs—Speaking loud—Articulation—How to be prompted—Getting the back to the Audience—Making up—How to burn a colored fire—How to make fuses—To make a rain storm—To make thunder—To make lightning—To make a wind storm—Imitation of clouds—Imitation of waves—How to produce a crash—How to produce snow—Success on the stage—A short history of the drama—Scene painting—The painter—Difficulties in scene painting—How to act—Macready's Method. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 15c per copy.

For any of the above, address A. D. AMES, Dramatic Publisher, Clyde, Ohio.

"Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M.	F.
83	Out on the World	5	4
53	Out in the Streets	6	4
57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
29	Painter of Ghent	5	2
114	Passions	8	4
18	Poacher's Doom	8	3
134	Pomp's Pranks	2	0
165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
156	Quiet Family	4	4
51	Rescued	5	3
110	Reverses	12	6
45	Rock Allen	5	3
96	Rooms to Let	2	1
171	Rough Diamond	6	3
59	Saved	2	3
48	Schnaps	1	1
107	School	5	0
133	Seeing Bosting	3	0
138	Sewing Circle of Period		5
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	5	3
55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
94	16,000 Years Ago	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman	2	0
79	Spy of Atlanta, 25c	14	3
92	Stage Struck Darkey	2	1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down	2	0
137	Taking the Census	1	1
62	Ten Nights in Bar-Room	7	3
64	That Boy Sam	3	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
87	The Biter Bit	5	2
131	The Cigarette	4	2
144	Thekla	6	7
101	The Coming Man	3	1
67	The False Friend	6	1
97	The Fatal Blow	7	1
119	The Forty-Niners	10	4
167	Turn Him Out	3	3
93	The Gentleman in Black	9	4
112	The New Magdalen	8	3
118	The Popcorn Man	3	1
71	The Reward of Crime	5	3
16	The Serf	6	3
68	The Sham Professor	4	0
6	The Studio	3	0
102	Turn of the Tide	7	4
54	The Two T. J's	4	2
7	The Vow of the Ornani	8	1
28	Thirty-three nxt Brithd'y	4	2
108	Those Awful Boys	5	0
63	Three Glasses a Day	4	2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine	6	4
142	Tit for Tat	2	1
4	Twain's Dodging	3	1
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
5	When Women Weep	3	2
121	Will-o'-the-Wisp	9	4
56	Wooing Under Difficulties	4	3
41	Won at Last	7	3
70	Which will he Marry	2	8
135	Widower's Trials	5	4
58	Wrecked	9	3
147	Waking Him Up	1	2
155	Why they Joined the Rebeccas	0	4
156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
111	Yankee Duelist	2	2
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3

Wilkins' Amateur Dramas.

Designed for the use of schools, amateur entertainments, etc. This volume contains the following plays: Rock Allen the Orphan, or Lost and Found; Three Glasses a Day, or the Broken Home; Mother's Fool; The Reward of Crime, or the Love of Gold; The Coming Man; The Turn of the Tide, or Wrecked in Port; Hash. Neatly bound in cloth, price 75 cents.

☞ **Please Remember** that we can fill your orders for any play, dialogue book, speaker, guide book, piece of music, or anything in the line of amateur supplies such as wigs, beards, mustaches, face powders, paints, colored fires, lightning—in a word, anything you may find yourself in need of. We shall be ready to answer your letters of inquiry at any time, and invite correspondence. In remitting please send a postal note, or a money order, where they can be obtained, or small amounts may be sent in one or two cent postage stamps.

Address A. D. AMES, Pub., Clyde, Ohio.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 793 182 9

EVERY AM

WANTS A C

And Should Order it at Once!!

HINTS TO AMATEURS.

BY A. D. AMES.

A book of useful information for Amateurs and others, written expressly for those who are giving public entertainments—and who wish to make their efforts successful—containing much information never before given. Mr. Ames has had many years experience, and in this work gives many hints which cannot fail to be of great benefit to all.

Do you wish to know How to act?
Do you wish to know How to make up?
Do you wish to know How to make fuses?
Do you wish to know How to be prompted?
Do you wish to know How to imitate clouds?
Do you wish to know How to imitate waves?
Do you wish to know How to make thunder?
Do you wish to know How to produce snow?
Do you wish to know How to articulate?
Do you wish to know How to make lightning?
Do you wish to know How to produce a crash?
Do you wish to know How to make a wind-storm?
Do you wish to know How to be successful on the stage?
Do you wish to know The effects of the drama on the mind?
Do you wish to know How to assign parts successfully?
Do you wish to know The duties of the property man?
Do you wish to know How to arrange music for plays?
Do you wish to know Many hints about the stage?
Do you wish to know How to form a dramatic club?
Do you wish to know The duties of a manager?
Do you wish to know The duty of the prompter?
Do you wish to know How to conduct rehearsals?
Do you wish to know The best method of studying?
Do you wish to know How to make a stage laugh?
Do you wish to know How to burn a colored fire?
Do you wish to know How to make a rain storm?
Do you wish to know A short history of the drama?
Do you wish to know All about scene painting?
Do you wish to know Macready's method of acting?

If you wish to know the above, read Hints to Amateurs, it will be sent you for 15 cents per copy by Addressing

A. D. AMES, Pub'r.,
Lock Box 102. CLYDE, OHIO.